



# THREE CHUMS

Ben Bright.

Dorothy Dare.

Tom True.

A WEEKLY STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS AND A GIRL.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 4.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## THREE CHUMS DEFEATED;

OR

### BEN BRIGHT'S UNLUCKY ACCIDENT.

By HARRY MOORE.



The spectators rose in a body. "He will make a touch-down and tie the score!" they cried; and Ben would undoubtedly have done so, but at this instant he stepped in a soft spot where a hole had been filled up with loose dirt, and, slipping, fell headlong! Before he could rise the opposing rushers were upon him.



# These Books Tell You Everything

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle, containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these most useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the fencing sword; also instruction in archery. Illustrated with many fine and colored illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A valuable book.

No. 61. HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the different varieties of bowling, together with rules and systems of bowling, as used by the different bowling clubs in the United States. By Horatio Henry Patterson.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing full instructions of the various methods of sleight of hand and card tricks, together with many other card tricks, and full instructions for making magic toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic, a card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Almon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.—A most useful little book, containing full instructions for writing love letters, and words to use in letters, and some amusing letters for both young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving full instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects.

No. 13. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Giving full instructions for writing letters to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 14. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, showing you how to write to your friends, your family, your school, your business, your friends, your family, your school, your business, your friends, your family, your school, your business.

No. 15. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CONNECTED.—Giving full instructions for writing letters connected, and showing the value for penmanship and composition; together with specimens of letters.

(Continued on page 2 of cover.)



# THREE CHUMS.

A Weekly Story of the Adventures of Two Boys and a Girl.

*Published Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1899, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 4.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## Three Chums Defeated;

OR,

## BEN BRIGHT'S UNLUCKY ACCIDENT.

BY HARRY MOORE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SAME OLD MCMASTER.

"Hullo, McMaster!"

"How d'ye do."

"Fine evening."

"Yes."

"I'm feeling first rate; how do you feel?"

"Sore!"

"Sore, eh? Mentally or physically?"

"Oh, mentally."

"Indeed! And why this mental soreness?"

Frank McMaster looked up at Heber Markham, who had just entered his room in the dormitory of Raymond Academy, and scowled.

"You know well enough."

"Do I?"

"Yes, you do."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm feeling all right, why shouldn't you?"

"I've just said you know why."

Heber Markham laughed, and, coolly helping himself to a cigarette from a package lying on the table, lit it, and, throwing himself down upon the sofa, puffed away with satisfaction for a few moments, before saying:

"Perhaps I know and perhaps I don't. You may be grieving over a dozen disappointments of which I have no knowledge. You might have an ambition to find the North Pole and climb it, and be sore because you cannot do so; you might be sweet on some beautiful maiden and be sore

because she prefers some other fellow. How should I know? Name the cause of your soreness, old man; then I'll know for sure."

"You know what I mean, all right," growled McMaster. "What could it be but the football game with Seabright, and the luck of Ben Bright in turning up at just the right moment and winning the game for the Raymond eleven by an accidental kick at the last moment?"

"Now you're coming down to cases," said Markham, nodding approvingly. "Now I know what you are sore about. But do you call that kick of Ben Bright's an accident?"

"Of course! It was just that!"

"Yes, it was—nit! There was no accident about it, old man!"

"Oh, the game was won by accident, I tell you!" declared McMaster. "Why, if Ben Bright had delayed making the kick two seconds longer, he wouldn't have got to make it, for time was virtually up when he kicked."

"That may be, but that doesn't make the win an accident. But never mind that. I have something else to talk to you about. You remember I made a couple of bets of ten dollars each with you a week or so ago?"

McMaster frowned and nodded assent.

"I bet you ten that I would play on Ben Bright's eleven, although I was an enemy of his, and we had only a day or so before had a fight, in which your humble servant came off second best," continued Markham, coolly.

"Yes," McMaster admitted.

"And I bet you another ten that Ben Bright's eleven would win the game from the Seabrights."

"You did."



"Good enough! Well, I played on Ben Bright's eleven, in the game Saturday, and the eleven won!"

"I'm aware of it," said McMaster, bitterly. "Oh, that fellow, Ben Bright, does have the blamest luck!"

"Say, look here!" said Markham, with more of earnestness than he usually displayed when talking, "I know you don't like Ben Bright, McMaster——"

"I hate him!"

McMaster ground this out venomously.

"Well, say you even hate him," went on Markham, "that is no reason for your wishing the Raymond Academy team to be defeated by the team of a rival academy. You should have some feeling of pride in and loyalty to your own academy."

"But it's Ben Bright's eleven, and I wanted to see it defeated."

"No, it is the Raymond Academy eleven, and Ben Bright is merely the manager and captain."

"Bah! it's a Ben Bright eleven, nothing more! The only question of eligibility he puts to prospective players on the team is, 'Are you a friend of Ben Bright and an enemy to Frank McMaster!'"

Markham laughed in an amused manner.

"Indeed, McMaster, you put too high an estimation on yourself to think you occupy so much of Ben Bright's thoughts," he said, coolly. "I never heard him ask any such question—in fact, I have never heard him mention your name at all. He never asked me any such question, and if he had, I should have answered 'No' to the question, for I am not, as you know, a friend of Ben Bright, nor an enemy to you. How do you account for the fact that I am playing on the eleven, old man? Your theory doesn't pan out."

"Oh, the reason he took you is very evident," declared McMaster. "You are the best player on the team, and he wanted you on that account. And then he takes credit to himself for your good work, when he has won."

"There's where you are mistaken again, old man. I am not the best player on the eleven."

McMaster arched his eyebrows.

"Who then, is?" he asked.

"Ben Bright," was the cool reply.

McMaster started up and uttered an exclamation of half astonishment, half disgust.

"Oh, say!" he snorted; "you're a beaut!"

"Sure thing!" laughed Markham.

"You're a fool, Markham!"

"Why?" coolly.

"Why, for saying Ben Bright is a better football player than yourself."

"Is a fellow a fool for telling the truth?"

"But it isn't the truth!"

"Oh, yes, it is. I say Ben Bright is a better player than myself, and you will admit, McMaster, that I ought to know."

"Yes, you ought to, but——"

"You think I don't know, eh?"

"That's it. In my estimation you are a far better player than he, and I can find any number of people who saw the game who will say the same."

"They must be near-sighted, then, and left their glasses at home the day of the game. But let that go. I think, myself that I did considerable toward making the win possible, and——"

"They'd never have won but for you, that's flat."

"Well, I worked pretty hard," with a smile. "I had a double incentive, you know. I wanted the Raymond eleven to win, and I wanted to win your ten dollars, see?"

An angry exclamation escaped McMaster.

"Do you know, Markham, I dropped a good bit of the filthy on that game?" he said.

"I noticed you betting some, old man. How much did you lose?"

"More than a hundred."

"Phew!" whistled Markham. "Well," he added, "really, old man, it served you right. You should not have bet against your own team."

"Oh, that's right! Rub it in! I'm not a bit sore! Just sprinkle on all the pepper and salt you like!"

"Well, that's the way I look at it, McMaster. I should never bet against my own team, for the reason that it breeds disloyalty to it. One naturally wants it to lose, that he may win, and that, to my mind, is despicable. If I didn't have enough confidence in my side winning to bet on it, I should not bet at all."

"That's not business," objected McMaster. "No sport will do that. Bet on the team you think will win; that's my motto."

"And you thought Seabright was going to win Saturday?"

"Of course! Why, there was every reason to believe she would. She has a strong team, made up from the old players on last year's strong eleven, principally, while Ben Bright's team is composed of a mixed lot of his personal friends——"

"There you go again!"

"I repeat it, his personal friends, with the one exception of yourself. They had never played a game together, were untried, and, to cap all, Ben Bright was, as you know, missing—had been missing a week. No one knew where he was nor when he would come back, or, in fact, whether he would ever come back. Certainly, no one expected to see him appear on the field ready to play at the last moment."



"True," assented Markham. "Let's see, Ben Bright disappeared on Saturday evening a week ago, did he not?"

"Yes, and was gone an entire week, no one knowing what had become of him. That's the reason I bet so heavily on Seabright. The fools on Ben Bright's eleven think so much of him that they could not have played football even a little bit if he had not been in the game. They think he is able to do anything. I didn't expect him to show up, and if he had not done so, Seabright would have won in a canter."

"Perhaps!" said Markham. "I'm not so sure of it. The boys have only a little less confidence in Tom True than in Ben Bright. They're chums, you know."

"Yes; I know, but True hasn't the snap and get-there qualities that Ben Bright has."

"Well not in so pronounced a degree. But, say, that was strange the way Ben Bright disappeared, and stayed away so long, wasn't it? Have you heard, since he came back, why he went, and where, and how?"

"Oh; yes; I've heard a cock-and-bull story about how he was waylaid by some one as he was returning from a visit to Dorothy Dare, at the Seminary, and that he was chloroformed, taken to Hill Creek, placed in a boat and set adrift; that he floated down the creek to Lake Ontario, ten miles distant, and out upon the lake; that a storm came up and he was nearly drowned, but was finally picked up by a passing schooner; that he went ashore at an island in the lake, was accidentally detained there and left by the schooner, but that it picked him up next day on its way back from Toronto, and that he was only able to reach Seabright in time for the game. That's the story, but it sounds fishy to me."

"You don't believe it, then?"

"No; I think he was off somewhere on some kind of a trip that he didn't want anyone here to know about, and that he invented the story."

Markham laughed.

"It is plain you don't know Ben Bright," he said. "McMaster, that fellow would not tell an untruth to save his life! If he tells the story you have just told, it is the truth, every word of it."

McMaster uttered a disgusted exclamation.

"I see it plainly, Markham," he said. "You are becoming a Ben Bright man. You are falling dead in love with the fellow. By Jove! He must be a hypnotist, to be able to make so many like him!"

"You're dead wrong, McMaster," said Markham quietly. "I can't say I like the fellow, but he has qualities that I ad-

mire wherever seen, and I am one of those fellows who be-  
lieve in giving everybody credit for whatever they may be  
or do, whether I like them or not. I don't let my likes and  
dislikes blind me to either the faults of a friend or the mer-  
its of an enemy."

"Oh, that's all very fine in theory, but it is impracticable in actual practice."

"I do not find it so," coolly. "But about our little bets. McMaster? I suppose you concede that I have won both?"

"Yes."

And the money is mine?"

"Yes."

"Very well," quietly; "just call in Alford—I believe he held stakes, did he not?"

"Yes."

"Well, do me the favor to call Alford in, and have him hand the money over. I am a little short, just now, and the draft from the governor won't reach me till next Saturday."

McMaster looked surprised.

"You short?" he exclaimed. "Why, you had quite a roll the other day. What have you done with it? You must have bet on Seabright, after all!"

Markham showed his teeth in a smile of scorn.

"No, I bet on three of a kind and a pair. The other fellow had fours!"

"Oh, poker, eh?"

"Just! And, McMaster, do you know, I'm going to quit it. I don't think any fellow will ever do himself any good by playing cards for money. I've played for three years past and I've lost hundreds of the governor's hard dollars. My monthly allowance is always gone before the time is half up for another to reach me, and, besides, the feelings that take hold upon a fellow when he has lost are not good to have. He feels angry, disgusted, sore at the world and at himself. I'm going to quit."

McMaster eyed the other with a look that was half a sneer, the other half wondering astonishment.

"Say," he gasped presently, "you and Ben Bright are both attending the wrong school. You ought to be in a theological college. You'd make dandy preachers."

"If Ben Bright started out to be a preacher he'd be a good one," was the quiet reply. "As for myself, however, I shall never be a preacher. But enough of this. Call Alford."

McMaster left the room, but returned shortly, Alford being with him.

"The money you hold of mine and Markham's is his now, Alford," McMaster said. "He won both bets. Give him the money."

"All right," said Alford. "Here you are, Markham," handing the money over. "I'm glad to be rid of the stuff. It's no fun carrying money around that you know you daren't spend."

"How do you feel about next Saturday's game, Mark-



ham?" McMaster asked. "Do you think Ben Bright's team will win?"

"I think so."

"Willing to bet on it?"

"I would be willing to bet on that if I were willing to bet at all."

"Then you are going to quit betting altogether?"

"Well, I don't know that. I don't feel like betting now, and, as long as I continue in this mind, I shall not bet."

"Well, if you change your mind before Saturday, come around. I would like a chance to win my money back."

"Oh, Seabright will win the game all right," said Alford.

"I don't think so," said Markham quietly.

"It will be a close game," said McMaster, "so very close, indeed, that one little error, one little misplay on either side, will cause the other side to win."

"Yes, that's true," assented Markham.

"One little error, one little misplay," repeated McMaster, eyeing Markham closely, a peculiar, eager light in his eyes. "Say, Markham, I should be the happiest fellow in Bronxton next Saturday if Seabright won."

"Should you?" said Markham coldly.

"Yes, and—say, old man, don't you think enough of me to make me happy for once?"

The eager light in the youth's eyes had deepened now and McMaster was trembling with repressed excitement.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Markham, an icy intonation to his voice that should have been a warning to the other.

"You—you know!" stammered McMaster.

"I do not. Explain!"

Markham's voice was curt.

"Well, if I must speak out, wouldn't you—couldn't you—if you only would—er; will you make an error next Saturday and let Seabright win? I——"

Then something happened!

His sinewy fingers compressed McMaster's throat like flexible fingers of steel, and the unfortunate youth in the chair grew purple in the face and began gasping for breath.

"Say, stop that!" cried Alford, catching Markham by the shoulders and trying to pull him away. "Don't you see you're choking him to death?"

"He deserves it!" grated Markham. "I'll teach him not to make such a proposition to me. What does he take me for—a sneak like himself?"

"Well, stop choking him!" begged Alford. "Quick! Let go!" as McMaster began to gurgle and his eyes seemed on the point of popping out. "Don't you see he's dying?"

"Oh, he's not anywhere near the dying point!" said Markham, yet he relaxed the pressure of his fingers enough to let the youth get a little air.

"Let him up, I tell you!" cried Alford, who thought his chum was about gone. "Let up, or—or I'll smash you!"

Markham looked around, showing his teeth in a dangerous smile.

"You strike me, Bert Alford, and you'll regret it to the end of your days," he said in a tone that frightened Alford and drove the thought of "smashing" Markham out of his head.

"Well, d—don't choke him to death!" Alford pleaded. "Y—you don't want to become a murderer, do you?"

"I shouldn't like to be charged with killing such a worthless cur as this!" said Markham grimly. "It would be tough to have to hang for ridding this world of such a scoundrel. However, don't be alarmed. I have no intention of killing him. I just wished to punish him for insulting me, that is all. Here you go, McMaster!" and with the words Markham flung the other backward, McMaster, chair and all going over in a heap at one side of the room. Then, stepping quietly back, Markham folded his arms and with a cold, dangerous smile on his face, waited for McMaster to get up.

It was half a minute at least before McMaster got his wind fully and had gathered his senses enough to know what had happened, and then he struggled slowly to his feet and stood glaring at Markham like a wolf at bay.

Markham regarded McMaster with a look that awed the latter in spite of himself, and then presently Markham said:

"McMaster, you have insulted me and must apologize. You the same as said you thought me a sneak and a dastard when you asked me to throw a game of football. I don't allow any one to insult me with impunity. You could have offered me no worse insult if you had tried a week, and, to make the atonement more on an equality with the offense, you will get down upon your knees and apologize. Down!" and he pointed at the floor in front of McMaster.

McMaster glared at Markham as if he would like to kill

## CHAPTER II.

### FRIENDS FALL OUT.

"You cur!" grated Markham.

Then, with a panther-like leap, he was upon McMaster, and, seizing him by the throat, began choking him.

McMaster struggled and attempted to get loose to no purpose, for Markham was very angry and he was very strong.



him instead of apologize to him and made no move to obey.

"Down!" cried Markham again, and his eyes began to gleam in a dangerous manner.

"Oh, say, Markham, that's rubbing it in altogether too much," protested Alford.

"You shut!" flashed Markham, "and stay shut! It's not your put in!"

"Well, I don't know," said Alford. "McMacter is a friend of mine, and I don't propose to stand by and see him rode over rough-shod!"

Markham's eyes flashed. He was a hot-blooded fellow, and to have Alford put in in this fashion made him suddenly very angry. He did not fancy Alford, anyway, and with a quick leap he seized Alford, and, almost before the fellow knew what had happened, he was hurled across the room and against McMaster with such force that both went down in a heap.

"Lie there, both of you, until I tell you to get up!" cried Markham. "Don't try it!" as McMaster started to rise; "if you get up before I say you may I'll knock you down again! Do you hear?"

McMaster evidently heard, for he sank back upon the floor, but he gazed up at Markham with eyes of hate.

"Now, I'll tell you fellows just what you're going to do," Markham said quietly. "You're going to get down upon your faces in front of me and beg my pardon! Flop down now and have done with, for you've got it to do."

A terrible look of rage distorted McMaster's countenance and neither he nor Alford made a move to obey.

"Well, I'll tell you just what is going to happen," said Markham grimly. "Either you do that or I will give you both one of the worst thumpings you ever received. You can take your choice. If you prefer to go around wearing black eyes and bunged-up faces for a week or ten days to doing what I have said you must do, all right!"

As a matter of fact Markham had no intention of injuring the two further. He despised them, but he had no brutal desire to pound them up, but he thought if he could scare them into going down upon their faces and begging his pardon he would do so, as the lesson might be of value to them.

And he was successful, for the two youths, slowly and with looks upon their faces that would have made the foreman of a painter if he could have caught and transferred them to canvas, got down upon their faces on the floor in front of Markham.

"Now say 'I beg your pardon!'" ordered Markham with much the same air he would have used in telling a dog to "speak, Fido! speak!" and then, in mumbling tones, the youths said in unison:

"I beg your pardon!"

Instantly Markham became his old, cool, nonchalant self.

"Well done, me noble galoots!" he said, airily. "Say, you fellows are all right. You learn your little pieces very quickly and speak them very nicely. You may arise and be seated."

The two scrambled to their feet and stood glaring at Markham as if they would like to pound him, but, although they were two to his one, they did not feel like attacking the fiery youth.

"Oh, I know what you are thinking," smiled Markham; "that my room is preferable to my company, eh? All right, I shall go. I feel that your companionship is not absolutely necessary to my continued existence. I can live away from you. So long, my dear fellows!" and Markham strode from the room, banging the door shut behind him and nearly falling over a round-faced, blue-eyed, jolly-looking youth of about seventeen years as he turned.

"Begorra, but yez did thim spalpanes up to dhe queen's tasthe, shure an' ye did!" the youth chuckled. "Oh, but it wur fun to see dhe too av thim down on their faces a-beggin' av yer pardon!"

"Who are you?" asked Markham. "I don't remember having seen you around here before."

"Shure an' Patsy Dooley is me name. Oi'm dhe new bhoy. It's dhe assisthant janitor Oi'm afther bein'."

"Oh! Where did you come from?"

"Frum Willett's Oislan', in Lake Onthario. It's meself kim here wid Ben Broight."

The two had been walking along the hall in the direction of Markham's room, but he stopped short now and looked at Patsy with interest.

Here was evidently a chance to prove the truth of the story McMaster had said Ben Bright had told on his return from his week's absence and the truth of which McMaster had affected to doubt.

Markham had told McMaster that if Ben Bright had told the story it was every word true, and he was confident that he was right, but he was not averse to learning the straight of the affair, so he said:

"From Willett's Island in Lake Ontario? And you came here with Ben Bright? How did that happen? Where did you chance to fall in with Ben Bright?"

"Phy, on dhe oislan', av coorse."

"Yes, I know, but how did Ben Bright happen to be on the island?"

"He wur sent adrift frum dhis place, sor, and drifted down dhe little sthrame yez have here, an' out onto dhe lake, an' wur picked up by a schooner, which sthopped at Willett's Oisland. He kim ashore, an' kim along jhust as Oi wur gitthin' pounded wid a club by Bill Buckhorn, an' Ben Bright he jhumps in an' makes dhe spalpane-stop."



Markham smiled.

"That's just like him," he said. "And what did Bill Buckhorn do?"

"Oh, he thrived fur to lick Ben Bright, but wur afther gittin' all pounded up himself, an' he give it up as a bad jhob."

"But how came you to come here?"

"Phy, Oi had no relashuns at all, at all, an' as I wouldn't go back to wurruk fur Buckhorn, who bate me wid sthicks, Ben Bright said as how't he could get me a jhob as assistant janitor av dhis school, an' Oi wur only too glad to come home wid 'im."

"Oh, I see. But how did Ben Bright come to be set adrift in the boat?"

"He wur waylaid as he wur comin' troo dhe woods, sor, an' wur chloryformed an' carried to dhe boat an' sent down dhe sthrame widout inny oars at all, at all. Oh, it wur a villainous piece av wurruk, an' av Ben Bright foinds out who did it, Oi pity 'im, sor!"

"Has he any suspicions as to who the guilty party might be?"

"Not thot Oi know av, sor. He named no wan to me."

"Well, it was, as you say, a most villainous piece of business, and I hope he'll find the guilty party before many days."

"Oi hope so, too, sor."

"By the way, Patsy, if you are a friend of Ben Bright's, and I judge you are, it would do no harm to keep an eye on that fellow in the room I just left, for he is a bitter enemy to Ben Bright. He has three or four cronies who hang around him, and there is no knowing what deviltry they might not try to do."

"Shure an' Oi'm a fri'nd av Ben Bright, an' it's mesilf 'll be afther kapin' an oye on dhem spalpanes, as yez have sugghested, sor. Oi wur doin' that same whin Oi saw ye lay dhem out so noicely a whoile ago. Oi sat near thim at dhe football game, Saturday, an' Oi heard dhem talkin'. It wur aisy to see dhey wur no fri'nds av Ben Bright."

"You are right, they are not," and then with a nod, Markham entered his room and closed the door.

"Begorra, an' thot felly is hot stoof, an' no misthake!" the Irish boy thought, as he went about his business.

Meanwhile a spirited conversation had been going on in McMaster's room.

Markham had only been gone a few moments when Wheeler, Stamper and Wilson entered, and they knew from the expression on their chums' faces that something unpleasant had occurred.

"What is it, McMaster?" asked Wheeler. "Have you and I been quarreled?"

"No," growled McMaster, "it's that—that whelp, Markham!"

The three started.

"Markham!" Stamper exclaimed. "Why, I thought he was a friend of ours."

"Yes, he's a friend—a beautiful friend! He's a—a—cur!"

"Why, what has he done?"

"What has he done? Why, more than enough! Hasn't he, Alford?"

Alford nodded and scowled.

"I'd like to smash his face!" he grated.

"Well, what's he done? Tell us about it," said Wheeler, impatiently.

Then McMaster told all, and he gritted his teeth when he came to that about their having to get down upon their faces and beg Markham's pardon.

"Oh, but I'll get even with him for that, some day!" he added. "I'll make him sweat!"

"Here, too!" said Alford. "I shall not forget this very soon."

"Well, you'll have to go a bit slow in the matter," said Stamper. "That fellow is just about as dangerous as Ben Bright. You remember the fight they had that day? Ben Bright bested Markham, but he didn't lick him, for Markham wouldn't give up, though he was so weak he could hardly stand. He's gritty, I tell you!"

"And what puzzles me is how he can stand up for Ben Bright, after the way Bright pounded him up that time. He is a regular Ben Bright man now, says Bright is a better football player than he, and all that. I don't understand it."

"Oh, Ben Bright took him on the eleven!" sneered Wilson. "I knew how it would be as soon as I saw he was on."

"I believe myself that is it," assented McMaster. "Well, Ben Bright can't buy or bribe me with a place on his old team."

"Nor me."

"I wouldn't play if he begged me on his knees to do so!"

"He couldn't hire me to do so!"

And it is likely these youths believed what they said. Nevertheless it was without doubt a case of "sour grapes." A week or ten days before all of them, with the possible exception of McMaster, who hated Ben Bright bitterly, would have jumped at a chance to play on the eleven, but they were none of them strong players, and had stood no chance of getting on, with the result that now they were confident that under no circumstances could they be persuaded to play on the team. Such is, too often, human nature.



"I hope Ben Bright's eleven will lose every game from now on," said Wilson.

"Oh, it won't win any more, you may be sure of that," declared McMaster. "The Seabrights are onto the tricks of that gang now, and will down 'em easy next time."

"Well, I hope so," said Stamper, but it was plain from his tone that he hardly expected it.

"I wish I knew for sure," said Alford, gloomily. "I'd like to win back some of the money I dropped Saturday."

"Here, too!"

"And here!"

"Ditto! which means 'the same'!"

"Well, fellows," said McMaster, a peculiar, set look upon his face; "you will be safe in putting up your money. Ben Bright's team will not win."

### CHAPTER III.

MR. ROGERS, REPORTER.

The events narrated in the preceding chapters took place on Monday evening.

On the afternoon of the preceding Saturday a football game had been played between the Raymond Academy and the Seabright Academy elevens. It was the first game of a series of the three best out of five for the season's championship, and was won by the Raymond Academy eleven by the score of 6 to 0.

There was considerable rivalry between the two institutions, and the previous year the Seabright eleven had won four out of five games, the Raymond eleven being so weak as to not be able to make it interesting.

This year, however, it was proving to be quite different. Ben Bright, the most popular and deservedly best-liked boy at Raymond Academy, was elected manager and captain of the eleven, and he had worked early and late to make up a winning team, with the result that he had been successful, for in the first game of the season's series his eleven had come off victorious.

It had been a great surprise to the Seabright people, as they had expected their team to win easily. They had lost, however, and Seabright was the abode of gloom, while the people of Bronxton, where Raymond Academy was located, were jubilant.

They had a football team that was not only able to hold its own with the strong Seabright team, but was able to defeat it, and they were happy.

Ben Bright and Tom True, Ben's especial chum and friend, were standing out on the piazza of the house where they boarded, breathing in some fresh air before going to their room, supper being over, when a man came in through the gateway and made his way up the walk to the piazza steps, which he mounted, and pausing at the top said:

"Good evening. Does Mr. Benjamin Bright stop here?"

"I am Ben Bright, sir," said Ben, quietly. "What can I do for you?"

"You are the manager and captain of the Raymond Academy football team?"

"I am."

"Very well. My name is Rogers. I am here, Mr. Bright, in the interests of the Bronxton 'Breeze,' the leading local paper, and I would like a few pointers from you regarding your team, its make-up, capabilities, and so on, and would like to know—for the paper's own private information, not for publication—whether you think it possible for your team to win the season's championship."

Ben smiled.

"I shall be glad to accommodate you," he replied, courteously. "Come up to my room, where we can sit down and be comfortable."

"Shall be pleased to do so, Mr. Bright," said the reporter, and the three went upstairs to Ben's and Tom's room, for the youths roomed together.

"Now I am at your service," said Ben, when they had become seated. "Ask any questions you like, and I will do my best to answer them to your satisfaction."

"Very well, sir," said the reporter, with a sign of satisfaction, and taking a note book from one pocket and a pencil from the other, he looked at Ben and said:

"Let's see, I guess we might as well begin at the beginning. You may give me the names of your men, and the positions they occupy on the team."

Ben did as requested, giving the names and positions one after another, and the reporter took them down just as Ben gave them out.

"Now," he said, when this was done, "I wish you would give me all the pointers you can regarding last Saturday's game at Seabright."

"Just what do you wish me to speak of?" asked Ben.

"Oh, tell me all about the game; how it was played; whether the Seabrights ever had a chance to win at any stage; how easy or how hard it was for Raymond to win; how the game was won—and, in fact, all about it, in so far as you can recall the happenings."

"Very well, sir, I will do so," said Ben, and then he went ahead and gave the reporter a succinct, intelligent resumé of the game, with observations on various plays that were



made, and others which might have been made, but were not.

Then, when this had been taken down, the reporter asked if there were any special, brilliant individual plays which he wished mentioned.

"No, sir!" said Ben decidedly. "None whatever. There were some made, of course, and I do not deery anything of the sort, within proper bounds. There come opportunities during every game for some player to make a brilliant individual play, and when this opportunity comes it is right, of course, and for the best interests of the team for him to seize upon it and make the play for all he is worth, but sometimes the plaudits of the speetators and praise from the newspapers turn a player's head, and he begins to watch for ehanees for individual play, to the exclusion of the eooperative work with his team mates, which is so neecessary to the winning of games. Team work, sir, is the thing. If you can get together eleven men who are harmonious, and who will smother the desire to do something to distinguish the individual, and play together in eoncert and back one another up promptly and energetically, who will play together as the different parts of one machine, the work will be harmonious, strong, perfeet, and you will have a team that will win games."

"And such a team, you think, is yours, Mr. Bright?"

"I know it!" declared the youth. "That has been the one big lesson I have taught them—to work together as one man for the good of the whole."

"And you would not wish special mention made of certain brilliant individual plays, then?"

"No, for the rest of the team would read it, and become downhearted because they had not been able to make some of these plays. Naturally they would begin looking for the opportunities to do so, and away would go your perfeet work as a team, and with it would go the ehance to win games."

"Oh, I shall say nothing in the paper that will have a tendency to interfere with or spoil the effectiveness of the team," said the reporter. "Just what shall I say, however, in speaking of the playing of the team?"

"Say that the team-work of the Raymond eleven was fine," answered Ben, promptly. "Say that the different members of the team worked together as harmonious parts of a perfect whole, and that it was due to this fact that the game was won. Say that while some brilliant individual plays were made, it was from necessity, for the good of the team, and not from desire of the player to acquire personal glorification, as the ruling idea dominating the members of the Raymond eleven is to subordinate individual ambitions and play together for the good of all."

The reporter was a stenographer, and took Ben's words down just as they were spoken, and at the end he said:

"I wish to ask you, now, Mr. Bright, whether in your opinion, and according to your best judgment, your team will be able to win the ehampionship from the Seabright? You understand, this is not for publication, but for the private information of the paper. You see, it is this way: Last season we had a weak team, and Seabright beat us so easily that the Seabright papers abused and ridiculed us, and made all kinds of talk about us, ealling the Raymond eleven 'Babies,' 'Milkshops,' 'Soft Things' ond so on, and it was pretty hard to take. Now, if you think your team capable of holding up and turning the tables on them, we wish to make the most of our opportunity, and get baek at the Seabright papers in a way they well deserve. But if, on the other hand, you, from your inner knowledge, feel that your team may not be able to hold up and win the series, then we will go slow, as you can understand how we should feel if, after going after the Seabright papers in good shape, they should get the ehance of giving us the grand ha! ha! after all. If you will give me your true opinion, your real conviction, born of your inside knowledge on this matter, I shall appreeiate it as a great favor, and I give you my word of honor that what you say shall be kept inviolate. We shall use it, as I say, simply as a gauge by which to measure and regulate the force of our attack upon the Seabright papers."

"Very well, I shall be only too glad to oblige you," said Ben, smiling, "since I can do so, and give you good news at the same time."

"You think, then, that your team will be able to win the ehampionship?" asked the reporter, eagerly.

"I am confident it will do so, Mr. Rogers! I sized up the Seabright eleven very carefully Saturday, and watched the work of my own men very elosely, as you will understand, and after taking everything into eonsideration I have come to the conclusion that the Raymond team excels the Seabright team at almost every point, and is stronger in nearly every position. I seleected the players on the Raymond eleven with great care, and with an eye to all the various conditions of play to which each position is subject, and the result is that the team is remarkably well balanced, being a strong and solid team throughout, and is not made up of a lot of players who are brilliant in some phase of the play of a position and weak in the rest."

"The Raymond Academy eleven will, I am confident, Mr. Rogers, win the ehampionship from the Seabrights. I think you will be safe in going ahead with this idea as a basis from which to work. There is one thing I would like to speak of, however, a request I would like to make."

"Name it, Mr. Bright."

"It is this: That you do not call the Seabright team names, as you say the Seabright papers did the Raymond



eleven last year. In our game with the team Saturday, we found the members of it to be nice, gentlemanly fellows, clean players, who made no attempt to do any underhanded work. They put up a good, stiff game, did the very best they could, and are entitled to credit, so if you care to observe my wishes in the matter, you will not speak disparagingly of the players."

"That is all right, Mr. Bright. I am glad you spoke of it. I can see that it would be better to do as you suggest. It will be more to the credit of your team to win from a good, strong team, one that is acknowledged by all as being such, than to win from a team of 'softies' or 'milk-sops.'"

"That is the idea exactly," smiled Ben. "And then it makes a more friendly feeling between the teams on the football field. The spirit of rivalry and desire to triumph over their opponents will be just as strong, but the temptation to win by foul tactics, or by crippling or otherwise injuring an opponent will not be so often given way to."

"It is easy to see that you are right, Mr. Bright. "We can get enough satisfaction out of the matter without ridiculing the players."

"Just so. Is there anything further you wish to ask about, Mr. Rogers?"

"Let me see. Yes, about the series. It is to be—how many games to win?"

"Three best out of five. In other words, the team that first wins three games wins the championship."

"I understand. And the games are to be played at Seabright and Bronxton alternately?"

"Yes."

"Saturday's game will be played here, then. At what hour will it begin?"

"At two sharp."

"All right," and then as the reporter arose to go, he shook Ben's hand heartily, and said:

"Mr. Bright, I thank you for your kind treatment of me, and for the information which you have given me. It will be a big help to me in making an intelligent write-up of the game. We get our paper out Thursday at three o'clock, and I shall send you some copies."

"Thank you," said Ben. "You are entirely welcome to all the information I have given you, and if at any time there is anything further you wish to know, do not hesitate to come to me. I shall be happy to give you all the information in my power."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the reporter, and then saying "good evening," he took his departure.

"Pretty nice sort of a fellow, I take it, Ben," remarked Tom True, who had sat a silent but interested auditor of all that had been said.

"Yes, I think so, Tom. He seems bright and intelligent."

"Say, he'll gave us a dandy old write-up in the paper, won't he!"

"Yes, and do you know, Tom, I'm awfully glad he came to me before writing the game up. If he had not, doubtless he would have mentioned the individual playing of Markham, Spalding and Dickinson——"

"And Ben Bright!"

Ben laughed.

"He would have mentioned these, and spoken of them in glowing terms, and that would have made the other members of the team feel as if they had done nothing to help win the game, which would be, of course, not the case at all. And he would have roasted the Seabright team and called them 'soft things,' and all that, which would have made them angry, as they would think, of course, that we were glad to have them made sport of, with the result that there would have been a display of rancor and bad blood on the field, which is something I wish to avoid if possible, as that is, as a general thing, at the bottom of all cases where players are injured."

"I had never thought of it, Ben, but I believe you are right," said Tom.

"I know I am right, old man. I am confident that if the right kind of men are taken upon the teams, the country over, men who are good-natured, right-spirited and fair-minded, and outside influences are not brought to bear to cause the teams to feel sore at each other, that football may be made as free from 'brutality,' so-called, as baseball, golf, cricket, or any other game. Hot-tempered, bull-headed men, men who delight in hurting an opponent, should never be allowed upon a team; they should be gently but firmly turned down, and advised to train for the prize ring."

"Your head is scrawed on right, Ben!" declared Tom True. "Football should be looked upon as a friendly trial of skill and muscle, the same as in rowing or any other sporting event, and slugging and crippling should have no place in it."

"Now your head is screwed on right, Tom!"

## CHAPTER IV.

HENRY CHALMERS, MANAGER OF STARS.

Mr. Rogers, the reporter, had been gone not more than ten minutes when there came a knock at the door of the boys' room.



"Come in," cried Ben, and the door opened and disclosed Mr. Jeffries, their landlord.

"There is a gentleman below who wishes to see you, Mr. Bright," the landlord said. "Shall I tell him you will be down?"

"No," said Ben. "If you will be so kind as to show him up, I will see him here."

"Very well, I will do so," and Mr. Jeffries went back downstairs, but returned presently and ushered in a stranger, after which he withdrew, closing the door.

The stranger was a short, rather heavy-set man, well dressed, and with a fairly good-looking face, but under close observation it was disappointing. There was a crafty expression to it, and a shifty look in the eyes that would warn the expert judge of character that the man was not to be trusted too far. Ben was a splendid judge of faces, and he took an instinctive dislike to the man, but of course allowed no sign of the fact to show upon his own face.

"Is either of you young gentlemen Mr. Benjamin Bright?" the stranger asked, in a somewhat patronizing tone, and with quite a pompous air.

"I am Ben Bright, sir," replied Ben. "Will you be seated, Mr.——"

"Chalmers, sir, is my name—Henry Chalmers, of New York," the man volunteered. "Here is my card," and he handed Ben a piece of pasteboard that was printed nearly full, in an attempt to tell that Mr. Henry Chalmers was a "Manager of Theatrical Stars," and a "Purchaser of and Dealer in Plays, Dramas, Melodramas, Operettas, etc., etc."

Ben glanced at the card, and then introduced Tom True, Mr. Chalmers acknowledging the introduction with an air of patronizing condescension that would have been amusing if it had not been in a manner insulting.

"I wish to see you on private business, alone," the man said, as he seated himself, and he glanced significantly at Tom True.

"Mr. True and myself are chums and in a measure partners," said Ben, quietly. "We have no secrets from each other, nor do we wish to have. You may speak freely."

Chalmers frowned.

"Um—ha!" he coughed. "I am not in the habit of talking private business before outsiders. The matter of which I wish to speak concerns you and me alone, and I prefer not to broach the subject before a third party."

Tom True arose quickly, and would have left the room, but Ben motioned him back into his seat, at the same time saying:

"I do not think you can have any business with me that would not concern my friend, for we are as one in all business affairs. If you will kindly give me a hint as to what your business with me is, then I can tell you at once, and if

of an entirely private character, concerning only you and me, my friend will withdraw."

The portly and pompous man frowned, and looked anything but pleased. He accepted the situation, however, and said:

"Oh, well, since you wish it that way, I will go ahead. I believe you said your name was Benjamin Bright?"

"That is my name," Ben acknowledged.

"Son of Bardley Bright, the play-writer, deceased, late of Syracuse?"

Ben bowed, while a sad look came over his face at the mention of his father, who had died only a few weeks before.

"Yes, sir, Bradley Bright was my father."

"Good!" said the man, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now we can talk business. Your father was a play-writer; I am a manager of theatrical stars, and also a purchaser of and dealer in plays. Do you begin to perceive the drift?"

Ben shook his head.

"I can't say that I do," he said somewhat coldly, for he did not like the fellow's style. "You will have to explain more fully."

"Very well, that is easily done. That is what I am here to do, Mr. Bright—to explain myself."

"Well?" there was a slight hint of impatience in Ben's tone, and Chalmers evidently noticed it, for he frowned slightly, and continued:

"Yes, sir, I will explain myself. The fact of the matter, Mr. Bright, is that having been familiar with your father's work for a number of years—having put a number of his plays on the boards, in fact—and liking his work very much, I made a trip to Syracuse as soon as I heard of Mr. Bright's death, in the hope that I might find some manuscript plays which I could purchase. I have come direct from there, having got into this place on the five o'clock train."

"Indeed."

Ben hardly knew what to say further, so waited for Mr. Chalmers to go on.

"I hunted up your father's attorney, and told him what I wanted," Chalmers continued: "and we went to the house and looked through your father's desk and all around, but found no plays. We did find, however, a few pages of the manuscript of a play—the original first copy of these first pages, I judge, as there are erasures and additions here and there. Judging by these pages, however, the play might, if properly produced, score a success. I would be willing to risk it, and purchase the play, anyway, if I could secure it in its entirety."

Ben eyed the man closely. Then he asked:

"Was either of the pages you found the title page?"

"Yes."



"What was the title of the play?"

"Three Chums."

Tom True uttered an exclamation, but Ben expressed no surprise. He had felt sure that this would be the answer.

"Rather a queer title, that, for a play," Chalmers went on, before Ben could say anything. "I saw enough of the manuscript to catch the drift, however, and I think that the play might catch on, if properly handled. The attorney told me he thought you had the manuscript of the complete play?"

"He told you the truth," said Ben, quietly and deliberately. "I have the manuscript of the play complete, but if you came here hoping to buy it from me you have come on a wild goose chase, for it is not for sale."

A disconcerted look showed for a moment on the man's face, but disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"The attorney hinted as much," Chalmers admitted. "But I thought I would come and see you anyway. If the play is what I think it is, I will pay you a good price for it."

"I do not wish to sell, sir."

Ben's tone was firm and decided, and a look of illy-concealed anger appeared on the man's face.

"But see here," he said, "that manuscript is no good to you. It will lie around, and the mice will chew it up, if you keep it, whereas if you let me have it, I will have it produced, and it will be doing somebody some good. I'll give you five hundred dollars for it, and risk it."

Chalmers evidently thought the offer of five hundred dollars would overwhelm the youth, but he was speedily undeceived. Ben Bright did not change countenance.

"I will not sell," he said quietly.

The man frowned.

"See here," he said, "I want a play for a company that is now forming in New York City, and if your play is just what I want I might give you a thousand dollars for it. Have you it here?"

"I have."

"May I see it?"

There was an eager light in Chalmers' eyes that did not escape Ben, and he made up his mind to be cautious. He could see no harm in letting the man look at the manuscript of the play, which was in his trunk in that room, but as he did not wish to sell, he could see no reason for doing so, and told Chalmers as much.

"I would not sell the play under any circumstances," he said; "so it would be time lost for you to look at it."

"Oh, but I am greatly interested in such things, Mr. Bright," the man said eagerly. "I am an expert judge of such things, and I could tell in a very few minutes, after seeing the manuscript, whether it is a play that will be

likely to score a success. I am here, cannot get away until to-morrow morning, anyway, and might as well kill time here as not."

Ben hesitated.

Something told him not to show the manuscript, but banishing the thought or foreboding from his mind, he arose, crossed the room to his trunk, watched eagerly by Chalmers, and, opening the trunk, he took a package of manuscript up out of the tray and, bringing it to the table, unfolded it for the man's inspection.

Chalmers seized the manuscript eagerly, and began examining it with nervous haste. He turned page after page, seeming to devour the contents at a glance, and not a word did he utter until he had gone entirely through the manuscript, this taking him only a comparatively short time, so rapid was he.

Ben and Tom had watched Chalmers with an increasing feeling of repugnance and suspicion, Tom True especially, regarding the fellow with a deep frown.

When the man had done, he looked up at Ben with a sigh of satisfaction, and there was an illy-concealed look of triumph in his eyes that the youth noted with a strange feeling of misgiving.

"I find," said Chalmers, deliberately, "that the play is up to Mr. Bright's usual standard, and I feel that if properly produced it would make a go, at any rate, if not a hit. Since seeing it, I am prepared to offer you one thousand dollars for it, young man, and if you will deliver the manuscript over to me now, you may have your money on the spot."

Chalmers eyed the youth eagerly, but if he had hoped Ben would change his mind he was doomed to disappointment, for the youth shook his head.

"I told you beforehand that it would be useless for you to look at the play, Mr. Chalmers," he said. "I do not wish to sell it."

An angry look came over the man's face.

"But what good is it to you?" he asked. "What do you want with it? What do you intend doing with it?"

"I am going to put it on the boards some day," was the quiet reply.

Chalmers laughed coarsely, insultingly.

"What, you?" he cried. "Why, what could you do toward the successful bringing out of a play like that? Nothing! You're only a boy, and it takes money and experience to do a thing like that!"

Ben's face flushed slightly at the man's insulting laugh and tone, but the flush quickly disappeared and he said quietly enough:

"Well, I have some money, and while I am, as you say,



only a boy, yet I am not a fool, and while I lack experience, I do not lack knowledge of what is required. You must remember that I am the son of a play-writer, and he taught me much. There is little of the theory of matters theatrical that I am not familiar with, and it will not take me long to acquire experience."

"It certainly won't take you long to drop your roll if you go into the thing!" the man declared. "Why, the idea is absurd! It would pay you far better to sell the manuscript, and if you will do so, I will give you fifteen hundred dollars for it, and an additional royalty that will bring you in a handsome income. What do you say?"

"I say no. My father left this play to me, in fact it was written for me, and in a letter which he left for me, he stated that it was his desire that I take the leading role, and put the play on the boards myself."

Chalmers had listened with an increasing air of anger, disappointment and disgust, and when Ben had finished, he made a gesture expressive of disgust, and said:

"Then your father was a fool!"

In an instant Ben Bright was on his feet, his finger pointing toward the door.

"Go!" he said, his voice trembling slightly, in spite of his efforts to prevent it. "Go! I will allow you to depart in peace, because you are at present virtually my guest. Were we anywhere else, I would knock you down, for I do not allow my dead father to be spoken of in such a manner! Go! before I forget myself and kick you out of the room!"

Chalmers rose to his feet and glared at Ben, a look of mingled anger, disappointment and defiance on his face.

"You—you insolent young puppy!" he cried, "I've a good mind to slap you to sleep! For two cents I would!"

Tom True looked at Ben to see what his chum would do. He half expected to see him knock Chalmers down. But Ben did nothing of the kind.

"I should advise you not to attempt anything of the kind," he said, sternly. "If you did, I should be forced to handle you roughly, and while you are in this room I do not wish to be forced to do that. For your own sake go at once, or I may take a notion to accompany you to the street and give you the thrashing your insolence so richly merits!"

Ben spoke quietly, and his very quietness seemed to anger the man worse than anything else could possibly have done. A terrible look of anger and hatred shone in his eyes, and he said in a voice that trembled with passion:

"All right, I'll go, Ben Bright! I'll go! I'm going now, and—I'm going to take your play with me!" and as Chalmers spoke he seized the package of manuscript and with a quickness and agility which would not have been expected of a man of his build, he leaped to the door, jerked

it open, and, springing through the doorway and down the stairs, rushed out of the house.

## CHAPTER V.

### TRICKED.

So quick had been the man's movements, so entirely unexpected his action, that Ben Bright was taken by surprise, and before he could get around the table, Chalmers was at the door.

Tom True had leaped to his feet and sprung forward, but he had been sitting at the side of the room farthest from the door, and he could not reach it in time to head the man off.

By the time Ben and Tom had reached the doorway, Chalmers was nearly at the bottom of the stairs, and although Ben leaped downstairs at two leaps, the fugitive was out and away ahead of him.

Ben was out of doors like a flash, however, and sprang in pursuit of the fleeing man with a swiftness that would have soon caused him to overtake Chalmers, but unluckily he stepped on a loose stone about the size of one's fist, and the stone rolled and threw him, and Tom True, who was just behind, fell over Ben's form and went rolling over and over on the ground beyond.

The youths scrambled to their feet as quickly as possible, and renewed the chase, but the fleeing man had made good use of the opportunity, and was outside the yard and sprinting down the street at a lively rate.

The boys were soon outside the yard and racing after the man, and, on his mettle now, Ben put on a burst of speed such as he had scarcely or never shown in any sprinting match in which he had ever been engaged.

The result was quickly apparent. Ben gained on Chalmers rapidly, and would have caught him by the time they had gone another block, but just as the youth was congratulating himself, and thinking that he was sure of catching his man and recovering his manuscript, the fugitive leaped into a carriage which was standing beside the curb, and the driver whipped up the horses and away the carriage rolled at a rate to try the speed of the fastest runner.

Something very like a groan escaped Ben Bright as he saw his chances of recovering his manuscript slipping away and growing less, but a feeling of determination to not give up took possession of him.

"Run back and get the bicycle, Tom," he called over his



shoulder. "I will keep the carriage in sight, if possible, and will signal you by whistle every few moments. Hurry!"

"All right, Ben."

Ben never looked back, but kept his eyes on the vehicle in front.

He felt that it was going to be a severe test on his strength to keep the carriage in view, for the driver was lashing the horses and they were going at a gallop, but he set his teeth and buckled down to the work with a determination that was characteristic of him, and that had won for him many a hard fought race on the field of sport.

The carriage was headed away from the village, and was soon on the country road leading toward the village of Fairfield, seven miles distant. The road at this point was through the timber, and as it was now quite dark, it was impossible to see the carriage. The rattle of the wheels could be heard, however, and by listening intently as he ran Ben was enabled to keep on track of the carriage.

Occasionally Ben gave vent to a shrill, piercing whistle which on a still night could easily be heard more than a quarter of a mile.

He figured on the length of time he had been following the carriage, and wondered if Tom was coming with the bicycle, and if so, whether he would take the right road and overtake him before he gave out and lost the carriage.

Ben was a splendid long distance runner, but the pace he was going was swifter than the pace common to long distance races, where a moderate speed is taken for the greater part of the distance, ending with a short sprint, and he was beginning to feel the effects of his efforts. He was game, however, and raced along without any diminution of speed, but with constantly increasing exertion.

Then, as again and again he whistled and received no response, Ben made up his mind that either Tom had taken the wrong road, or that something had happened to him or the wheel.

"I can't keep going much longer," thought Ben. "I'm confident Tom will not catch me, and if I am to keep track of that scoundrel there is just one thing to do: I must sprint and catch the carriage and crawl up behind. There is no other way."

With Ben to decide was to act, and no sooner had he made up his mind to do this than he was off at a bound, leaping into a sprint instantly.

Forward he sped at wonderful speed, and gradually the sound of the wheels came closer. With every nerve set and tense, the youth held to the sprint, but it was terribly trying, for he had been quite tired before he started to sprint. Ben did not falter, however. He was determined to catch and punish the scoundrel who had taken the manuscript of

the play, and he would run till he dropped before he would stop on account of being tired.

Closer and closer sounded the rattling wheels, and presently Ben was close enough to see the dark outline of the carriage looming up in front.

The sight gave him renewed strength, and he let out another link, tired as he was, and sprinted faster than ever. If he could get a hold on the vehicle, he could climb up behind and rest.

Rest! The very thought that rest was close at hand put new life into the youth, and he was enabled to hold the terrific burst of speed long enough to enable him to reach and seize hold of the carriage.

Ben was so nearly exhausted that he did not have strength to climb up onto the projecting bed of the carriage, where, if he could reach it, he would have a good seat. The assistance rendered him by holding to the vehicle was such that he speedily regained his wind and strength, however, and when he had regained sufficient strength he pulled himself slowly and carefully upward, and seated himself gently, exercising great care for fear the jar of his weight as he took his seat might be noticed by the man inside.

There was no stir from within, however, and Ben felt that he had succeeded in reaching the seat without arousing suspicion.

It is doubtful if Ben Bright ever enjoyed a ride more than he enjoyed that one during the ensuing ten or fifteen minutes. The rest was very much needed, and he drew great draughts of the fresh night air into his lungs, and felt exhilarated almost beyond belief. Then, too, the knowledge that he was within arm's length of the scoundrel who had robbed him, ready to collar the fellow as soon as the carriage stopped, added much to Ben's feeling of exhilaration.

The horses were now becoming tired, and the driver no longer lashed them, even allowing them to come down to a trot, and the speed of the carriage was only moderate.

Ben looked about him and tried to make out where they were. The timber was not so much in evidence now, and he decided, finally, that they had taken the left hand road leading to Richmond, a village ten miles from Bronxton, instead of the right hand road leading to Fairfield, the point for which he had supposed the carriage was headed.

"Well, it doesn't matter to me which place he goes to," thought Ben. "I will be there when he gets there—and then something will drop on Mr. Chalmers."

The road became rougher, and the carriage went much slower, the horses even descending to a walk, frequently, and Ben was tempted more than once to leap to the ground, open the door of the carriage, spring in and force Chalmers to hand over the manuscript, but he restrained himself, fearing that some accident might cause his purpose to be defeated.



They were on a dark and lonely country road, there were two of the men (for the driver was probably an accomplice) to his one, and they were probably armed, while he was not. They might overpower him, even murder him, and taking these things into consideration, Ben thought it wiser to wait till they reached the village, where he could summon assistance, if necessary. Ben was brave, but not foolhardy, and he did not feel like taking any unnecessary chances.

On the carriage rolled, the horses sometimes trotting, but more often walking, and it was quite a long while before the village of Richmond was reached.

The driver drove straight down through the one street, and came to a stop in front of a hotel, seemingly the only one in the place.

As the carriage came to a stop, Ben leaped to the ground, and, standing behind the vehicle, waited for the man within to alight.

"All right, sir! Here we are, sir!" the driver cried, and Ben could tell from the sound of his voice that he was leaning over toward the door of the carriage.

Ben expected to see the door open and Chalmers alight, but nothing of the kind took place. Indeed there was no stir within, and the driver yelled again, and louder:

"Here you are, sir. This is Richmond."

Still the door did not open, and with a muttered exclamation of anger, and the words, "The cove must be asleep," the driver leaped to the ground and opened the carriage door, only to start back in astonishment.

"Gone!" he gasped. "He's not there!"

"Gone!" cried Ben, in surprise and consternation, as he leaped forward and peered into the carriage. "Where can he have gone to?"

"You tell!" growled the driver, scratching his head. "De cove was in here, all right, w'en I left Bronxton!"

"Yes, I can bear witness to that," assented Ben. "I saw him gr'in."

The driver started, and looked suspiciously at Ben.

"Who in tarnation are you?" he growled.

Ben was sorely disappointed and greatly nonplussed by the mysterious disappearance of the scoundrel who had robbed him, and whom he had confidently expected to capture when the carriage reached Richmond, and now he turned upon the driver and said, sternly:

"You ask who I am? I will tell you. My name is Ben Bright, and I live in Bronxton. The man who has made his escape from this carriage robbed me of an article of great value, and I was chasing him in an attempt to catch him and recover my property, when he leaped into your carriage and you drove away at a gallop. You aided a robber to make his escape, and I think I shall have you arrested as an accomplice!"

The driver looked very much frightened.

"I swear to you that I am not an accomplice!" he cried. "Nor did I hev enny idee he was a robber. Ef I had, I wouldn't have hauled him at all. He come a-runnin' an' jumped into de carriage, an' sez: 'Get me to Richmond in an hour and twenty minutes, and it's twenty-five dollars in your pocket! Got to catch a train! Life an' death matter!' Well, thet's a heap of money, an' as the feller I was waitin' on, who was in the house there, was to pay me only three dollars, I made up my mind to collar that twenty-five, an' I sez, 'all right,' and was off at a gallop. I never looked back up the street, an' didn't see you at all."

Ben looked at the fellow searchingly, and then said:

"Are you telling the truth?"

"I swear I am!" the fellow protested.

Ben made up his mind the driver was telling the truth, but he did not let on that he believed it fully.

"Well, you've aided a villain to escape with his booty," he said, severely, "and even if innocent of wrong intention you are not altogether to be excused, as you ought to be more careful. I shall not have you arrested, on one condition."

"What's de condition, boss?"

"That you do all you can to undo what you have done."

The fellow looked relieved.

"Oh, I'll do that," he said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Drive me back to Bronxton as fast as you drove over here."

The fellow glanced ruefully at his steaming horses.

"I kin never do it with them horses," he said. "They're clean fagged out."

"Get fresh ones at a livery barn," said Ben. "I will pay the bill."

"All right, boss. I'll be back with 'em in a jiffy," and the driver climbed up onto the seat and drove to a livery barn a few rods distant up the street.

He was back in a short time, and Ben got inside the carriage.

"Now go ahead," the youth ordered. "Don't be any more afraid of hurting these horses than you were of hurting the others. I'm in as big a hurry as the other man was."

"All right, boss. I'll crack 'em through."

Then the whip cracked, and away the horses went at a swift trot until the country road was reached, and then the driver applied the whip, and the animals were forced to a gallop, which was kept up for several miles.

Then they were allowed to slacken to a trot, but the average speed made in going back was equal to the speed in going over, and Bronxton was reached at about a quarter to ten o'clock.

Ben leaped out as soon as the carriage stopped in front



of Mr. Jeffries' house, and handing the driver a five-dollar bill. Ben said "You may go!" and rushed to the house.

The first thing he saw as he leaped up the piazza steps was the bicycle, and he saw at a glance (the moon being now up and giving considerable light) that a pedal was broken.

"Tom met with an accident, was the reason he did not overtake me," thought Ben. "I wonder if he is upstairs?"

Then he entered the house and leaped upstairs and entered the room.

The light was burning, and everything looked just as it had when they left the room in such haste three hours before.

But Tom was not there.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TOM TRUE TURNS SLEUTH.

When Tom True heard Ben Bright say for him to go back and get the bicycle, he answered, "all right, Ben," and stopping instantly, he wheeled and ran back toward the house they had just left, as fast as he could go.

"Great Scott! I must hustle!" he thought. "If I don't Ben Bright will run himself to death, for he'll keep that carriage in sight till I catch up with him on the bicycle or die trying. Tear up the earth, Tom True, if ever you did such a thing in your life!"

Tom was no slouch of a runner himself, though not Ben's equal in speed and endurance, and he was able to sprint all the way to the house, it being only about two blocks and a half.

Into the yard, up the walk and up the steps onto the piazza he rushed, and seizing the bicycle, which was there, he lifted it, hooked it over his shoulder, and leaping down the steps, raced back down the path, through the gate and out into the street, where, dropping the wheel to the ground, he mounted and was off up the street in the direction taken by the carriage and by Ben Bright, like a shot.

Tom put all his force into the work, and pumped as he had never pumped before. It was up grade for two or three blocks, but Tom made good speed even there, and when he struck level ground he fairly flew.

He had lost not more than ten minutes, but he realized that even in that short time the carriage would have gained a big lead, and knowing that Ben Bright was ahead, racing after the carriage, perhaps well-nigh exhausted from his efforts, Tom went at his work with a vim and energy that

was productive of results, for when he left the street and entered the country road leading through the timber he was going at racing speed.

"Gee-whiz! How dark it is!" he thought. "What if I strike something? It'll be good-by wheel, Tom and all! Well, I can't slow down; I've got to keep moving," and he pumped away with renewed vigor.

Onward he sped, and he listened for the whistle which Ben had said he would give vent to every little while as a signal for his guidance, but he never once heard it. The wind rushed past his ears at such a rate, however, that it would be extremely difficult for him to hear a whistle unless it were very loud and close.

Onward flew the bicycle, Tom gripping the handle-bars firmly, and pounding away on the pedals with all his might.

"Great Scott! Seems to me as if I've come five miles!" muttered the youth. "It's queer I haven't overtaken Ben, anyway."

Just then, Crash! the front wheel of the bicycle struck something, and forward over the handle-bars shot Tom, as if hurled by a catapult, and he alighted upon his back on the ground fifteen feet ahead of where the bicycle had encountered the obstacle.

Tom's thought as he shot through the air was that he had run against Ben, and that perhaps he had killed his chum, but as he lay there flat on his back and heard and understood, even though in a more or less dazed condition, the oaths and exclamations of pain and anger to which some individual was giving vent near by, he realized that it was not Ben whom he had struck, but some one else.

"Oh, my stomach!" groaned a voice which sounded familiar to Tom. "Oh, thunder and Mars, what was it that struck me, anyway? Oh, I'm killed, I know I am!"

Then followed a flow of unprintable language that convinced Tom True that the fellow, whoever he was, was a long ways from being dead.

Tom lay there too dazed to move, but although his muscles were in a state of coma for the time being, his mind was not, and he kept asking himself where he had heard that voice.

All of a sudden the knowledge of where he had heard the voice came to him, and the knowledge was so startling that he arose to a sitting posture with a jerk.

"Great Scott! It's Chalmers' voice!" he said to himself and then he began pondering the situation.

Where was Ben? Where was the carriage? How did Chalmers escape from Ben? What was he doing here afoot on the road, and where was he going?

Of course Tom could answer none of these questions, and as the man whom he had run into and knocked down and dressed him now, he dismissed them from his mind.



"Who in blazes are you?—and where are you?" the man cried. "What struck me, anyway?"

Tom rose slowly to his feet, and then in a disguised voice, he replied:

"I'm here. I'm a traveler. It was a bicycle that struck you."

"A bicycle!—great Gulliver! I thought it was a locomotive! You should be more careful, sir—more careful! You have no right to go charging along a road in the dark in any such fashion."

"Have as much right as you have to be walking along the road after dark," retorted Tom. "You came as near causing me to be injured as I did you."

"Jove, no! I deny it! It is false, sir—false!" fumed the man, and the more Tom heard his voice the more he was convinced it was Chalmers. "I escaped death by a miracle, sir! You should carry a light on your bicycle, sir! The law requires it."

"Yes, and you should carry a light, too. There's no law to make a fellow carry a light on country roads, however."

"Well, there ought to be. Anyway, if I wasn't in a hurry I'd get a club and pound you with it, you young rascal, to learn you to carry a light next time."

"I don't think it would pay you to try it!" said Tom, defiantly and somewhat threateningly, for he felt sure the man was Chalmers, and as he had been the cause of all the trouble, Tom was very angry at him, and would as lief have fought him as not, for Tom True was a brave boy, and a fighter when aroused.

"Well, I have no time to fool away or I would," the man growled, and then Tom heard him moving away down the road.

It was dark as pitch in the road, the boughs of the trees on either side nearly meeting above and Tom had to feel around over quite a bit of ground before he found his wheel.

"I wonder if it's all right?" he thought, and then lifting the hind wheel from the ground, he went to catch hold of the pedal to give the wheel a spin to see if it was in running order, but the pedal was not there.

"Pedal broken," Tom muttered, in dismay. "Can't follow Ben now, that's certain."

Then a thought struck him: Why not follow Chalmers?

"That's it!" Tom said to himself. "That's the very thing Ben would wish me to do, I know. I'll do it, too! I must find the pedal, though."

Feeling about, Tom soon found the broken pedal, and putting it in his pocket, he assured himself by feeling of the various parts that the bicycle was not injured in any other way, then he mounted, and pedaling slowly, with one foot, he moved back down the road in the direction from which

he had just come, and the direction in which Chalmers was going.

Tom moved quite slowly, and, listening intently, was enabled to hear the footsteps of the man ahead, while the bicycle could not be heard by him at all.

Every once in a while Tom stopped, and, dismounting, waited a minute or so to allow the man to get some distance ahead; then he would mount and ride forward again, until close upon the fellow's heels, when he would repeat the operation of dismounting and waiting.

Again and again Tom did this, and while doing it he was wondering why Chalmers had left the carriage, and was returning to Bronxton—which was evidently his purpose. Tom could not understand, either, how the fellow had managed to elude Ben Bright. Could it be that he had had an encounter with Ben, and come out victorious? Tom hardly thought this possible, for he had great confidence in his chum's ability to take care of himself, but nevertheless his mind was the abode of a slight, indefinable fear.

"I don't doubt but that this Chalmers would be desperate, if cornered," Tom thought. "Such fellows usually are. Anyway, I'll keep an eye on him until Ben shows up, if I possibly can do so."

Onward through the darkness went pedestrian and bicyclist, slowly but surely they approached Bronxton, and at the end of about an hour from the time of the collision in the road, they entered the outskirts of the village.

Here and there a street lamp was burning, and Tom had to exercise considerable caution to keep the man from discovering he was followed. By keeping over well to the opposite side of the street from the side the man was on, however, Chalmers having taken to the sidewalk, Tom evaded detection.

Chalmers—for he it was, as Tom saw when the fellow passed beneath a street light—made his way down the street until he came opposite the house of Mr. Jeffries, and then he paused, and, standing just outside the yard, gazed long and steadily at the house.

Tom was puzzled.

"What's he up to now?" he asked himself. "Looks as if he were up to some deviltry, sure!"

Tom had dismounted, and, leaning his wheel against the fence on the opposite side, stood in the dark shadows of the trees and watched Chalmers with interest.

Presently the man pushed the gate open and walked rapidly but cautiously toward the house. He walked on the grass, evidently fearing the crunching of the gravel of the path under his feet might betray him to some one within the house.

"What's he up to now?" breathed Tom, in excitement.



"Great Scott! Can it be that he intends trying to enter the house?"

Tom watched Chalmers, and saw him cautiously ascend the piazza steps and step upon the piazza, and then, after waiting for a few moments, the man stepped forward and tried the front door. It opened to his touch, and Chalmers quickly disappeared within, and the door closed behind him.

Instantly Tom started, and, running across the street, entered the yard, and was soon up on the piazza, peering in through the glass panel.

A light was in his and Ben's room, which was at the head of the stairs. The door was open, and this let considerable light come down into the hallway, and Tom saw Chalmers just inside.

The man was stooping over, looking all around, as if searching for something, and Tom was surprised.

"What can he be looking for?" he wondered. And then a thought struck him:

"Must have lost something as he ran downstairs," Tom decided. "Must have been something valuable, too, or he wouldn't have come back to look for it. A diamond, I'll bet!"

Whatever it was that the man was looking for, he evidently did not find it, for as he straightened up and Tom caught a view of his face, the youth noted that there was a disappointed look on it.

Chalmers looked up the stairs with an air of indecision. Then he turned his head to one side and seemed to be listening.

After a few moments, he seemed to be satisfied that the coast was clear, for he started, slowly and cautiously, to ascend the stairs. He paused every two or three steps and listened, and would then move upward with the same stealthy tread.

"The scoundrel is making for our room," Tom thought. "If he goes in there, I'm going to waltz right in upon him and mix it with him."

But Chalmers never reached the room. When he was about halfway up the stairs, he paused, listened, gave a start as if frightened by some noise, and turning, came down the stairs rapidly and at the same time as softly as possible.

Tom just had time to retreat to the farther corner of the piazza, which, being shaded by vines, afforded him reasonable security as a hiding place, when the door opened and Chalmers stepped quickly but lightly out upon the piazza, and, closing the door gently, leaped to the ground and ran out of the yard and down the street in the direction of the village.

"I must follow him," Tom thought. "He has the manuscript of Ben's play in his possession, and I must not lose sight of him."

Waiting until he deemed it safe to do so, Tom ran out of the yard, across the street to his wheel, and in a few moments he had brought it across and placed it on the piazza.

Then he ran out of the yard, and diagonally across the street to where it made a turn, and it was possible to see clear down to the village, and he saw Chalmers about two blocks away, walking at a rapid pace.

Tom followed, at about that distance, and as they got down into the village the rumble of a train was heard, and Chalmers quickened his pace, and turned in the direction of the depot.

"He's going to leave on the train," thought Tom. "And he has Ben's play in his pocket—is getting away with it! I'll follow him if the chase takes me a thousand miles!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### AT THE HEELS OF THEIR QUARRY.

With a rush and a roar the train rumbled into the station and came to a stop, and Chalmers got aboard without stopping to purchase a ticket.

No sooner had he disappeared within the car than Tom True ran forward with all his might, and leaped upon the steps just as the train began to move.

He went into the car next to the one into which Chalmers had gone, and took a seat near the door.

"I want to be where I can keep watch of the gentleman," Tom mused. "I don't know where he is going, and will have to keep my eyes peeled or he may get off somewhere while I go on."

Presently the conductor came along, and when Tom drew some money out of his pocket with which to pay his fare, instead of producing a ticket, the conductor uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Don't see why people don't buy tickets," he grumbled. "Got cash fare passengers at every station this trip—two here; there's one in the other car."

"Perhaps he was only going a station, and thought it not worth while to buy a ticket," said Tom.

"No, he's going to Syracuse; but that doesn't make any difference. It's as much trouble to make out a receipt for ten cents as ten dollars. Where to, young man?"

"I'm going to Syracuse, too," answered the youth, glad to have found out so much.

"Dollar twenty," said the conductor; and Tom handed him the money.



The conductor then made out a receipt, and, handing it to Tom with the words, "Buy a ticket, next time," he went on.

"So Chalmers is going to Syracuse," mused Tom. "And then where? Well, that is the question. I shall have to keep right at his heels, or he will get away from me. I can settle down and rest comfortably until we reach Syracuse, however," the youth breathed, with a sigh of relief.

And then he fell to wondering where Ben was, and what he was doing.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," he mused. "He's been having mixed luck lately. He'll come out on top in the end, though, if such a thing is possible. I never saw such a determined, never-say-die sort of a fellow as he is!"

Onward through the darkness rolled the train. An hour passed, then when another had all but expired the brakeman stuck his head into the car and yelled, "Syracuse! Change cars for Albany and New York! Syracuse!" and Tom became eager and alert at once.

"Here's where I must look out," he thought. "This shadowing business is new to me, and I'm not as well up in it as I might be. However, here goes," and, turning his coat collar up and pulling his hat down over his eyes, Tom stepped out upon the platform and glanced through the glass pane of the door into the car which he had seen Chalmers enter.

Tom looked down the full length of the car, but failed to see Chalmers, and he started, and a fear that perhaps the fellow had given him the slip took possession of him.

"Can he have gotten off at one of the stations back a ways?" he asked himself. "If so, I shall kick myself for not having watched at every stop. He may have changed his mind about going to Syracuse."

Anxious now, Tom opened the door and entered the car. He made his way down the aisle, glancing at the passengers on either side as he went, but nowhere did he see the face of the man he was looking for. Chalmers was not in the car.

"He has escaped me," the youth thought bitterly, and then, as the train was coming to a stop in the station, he stepped out upon the platform. As he did so the door of the next car opened, and a man stepped out. He was a portly man, and was smoking a cigar, and as Tom's eyes rested upon him he could hardly repress an exclamation of delight.

The man was Chalmers!

"He has been in the smoker," Tom thought. "It is strange I never thought of that."

Chalmers gave Tom a glance, but as the youth's coat collar was turned up and his hat pulled down, and as Chalmers had seen Tom only once, and then in a room, with his hat off, it was not likely he would recognize him now.

Certainly he gave no sign of recognition, for his eyes did

not dwell on Tom an instant, nor did he glance the youth's way again.

Alighting from the train, Chalmers walked swiftly into the waiting-room, and, approaching the ticket office, evidently asked a question, for the ticket agent said something in reply, and Chalmers glanced up at a clock on the wall.

"He asked when the train was due," thought Tom, who had followed and was watching through a window. He must intend going right on—but where to, I wonder? He said he was from New York. I wonder if he is going there? Ah!—he's going to buy a ticket!" as he saw Chalmers take a roll of bills from his pocket and throw a couple down in front of the ticket agent, who stamped a bit of pasteboard and shoved it out to the man.

"I wonder where that ticket reads to?" Tom mused. "I wish I could find out. If he leaves the waiting-room I'll try to do so."

Chalmers strolled across and took a seat at one side, and then presently he glanced at the clock, walked across to a door at the other side, and stopping to take a cigar from his pocket and light it, he opened the door and went out.

"Going to get some fresh air and a smoke at the same time," Tom thought. "Well, I'm glad of it. I'll go in and see what I can do."

Tom entered the waiting-room, but hesitated to approach the ticket-seller. He did not know what to do to elicit the information from the man. Probably he would refuse to tell to what point a patron had bought a ticket, and while he stood there, hesitating, an incident occurred that solved the problem for him.

Chalmers came hurrying into the waiting-room at this moment, evidently somewhat excited.

"Um—ah! Did you give me the ticket I bought a minute ago, sir?" he asked.

The ticket seller peered out between the bars at Chalmers.

"Ticket to New York, was it?" he asked.

"Yes, yes! that's the one. Did you give it to me?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to you," was the reply.

"By Jove! That's queer!" mumbled Chalmers, still feeling in his pockets. "I can't find it anywhere. Can't see what I did with it—— Ah! here it is," and he drew the bit of pasteboard out of one of his vest pockets.

"Glad I found it!" with an air of relief. "Thought I was out the ticket, by Jove!"

"I thought you'd find it," the ticket agent said, smiling. "However, if you had not found it, I have more here."

"Yes, but they cost money!" and Chalmers, looking red and somewhat flustered, made his way out of the waiting-room.

"I'm glad you thought you had lost your ticket, Mr. Chalmers," thought Tom. "It has helped me over a hard place."



as now I know where your ticket reads to. I'll buy a ticket to New York, too!"

Then he approached the window and said:

"Ticket to New York, please."

The agent stamped the ticket and shoved it out to Tom, who paid the amount and pocketed the ticket with a sigh of satisfaction.

Then he went over to one side and sat down, first purchasing a paper, which he pretended to be reading.

"This grows interesting," he mused. "If I can only keep track of him after he reaches the city long enough for Ben to get there we will be all right. I wish Ben was here now."

This gave Tom an idea. Why not telegraph Ben from Syracuse?

If he got the telegram promptly Ben could get out of Bronxton at about 10.30 and reach New York only two or three hours behind his chum.

A telegraph office was in the building, and, hastening to the window, Tom wrote the following message:

"Syracuse, N. Y., 10 P. M.

"To Ben Bright:

"Our man is bound for New York. Am following. Come at once. Will meet you in lobby Grand Union Hotel. Wait for me there.  
TOM."

Tom used the cipher code Ben and he had invented and the message did not cost so much as it would otherwise have done. Paying for the message, Tom left the waiting room, for he heard the roar of the incoming train for New York.

Tom took up a position at one side and soon had the satisfaction of seeing Chalmers appear and walk toward the train.

Tom followed leisurely, and, when Chalmers had mounted the steps and entered one of the cars, he went to the opposite end of the same car, and, mounting to the platform, looked through the glass pane.

He soon located his man, Chalmers having taken a seat on the right and about a third of the way back.

Presently some people entered the car and came on past Chalmers, and, while they were between and would hide him from the man's view if he looked around, Tom entered the car, and, making his way forward, sat down five or six seats behind Chalmers and on the same side of the car.

Presently the train started and Tom settled himself down in the seat, opened up the paper and tried to read. He grew drowsy, however, and, and after the conductor had punched his ticket, he gave way and drifted off to sleep.

When he awoke the train was just leaving Albany. Tom stretched himself and then looked to see what Chalmers was

doing, and his heart gave a sudden throb and then seemed to stand still.

Chalmers was not there! The seat was occupied, but by a woman and a little girl.

"Great Scott! has he changed his mind about going straight through to the city and got off at Albany?" thought Tom. "I don't want to lose sight of him, now that I have telegraphed to Ben. I should feel awfully cheap to bring him clear to New York on a wild-goose chase."

Then a sudden thought struck Tom. The smoker!

Doubtless Chalmers had gone into the smoker to have a quiet smoke. Tom remembered the incident at Syracuse, when this was what had occurred.

Tom decided to make sure, however, and made his way forward to the smoking car. He looked in, but failed to see his man. He opened the door and went in.

He made his way down the aisle, looking at the passengers as he went, but met with disappointment.

Chalmers was not in the car!

Tom hardly knew what to think or do. He had confidently expected to find Chalmers in the smoker, and, now that he had failed to do so, he was greatly worried.

"I reckon there aren't two smokers on this train," he mused, and, thinking such a thing might be possible, he opened the door and stepped out upon the platform.

No, the next coach ahead was for baggage and express. There was but the one smoking car on the train.

This knocked the last prop from under Tom's feet and left him figuratively floundering in a sea of uncertainty.

What had become of Chalmers? Had he left the train, after buying a through ticket to New York, and, if so, why?

"I wonder if he got a look at my face while I was asleep and recognized me and took the alarm?" the youth asked himself. "I wish I had gotten in another coach or taken a sleeper—Jove!" and Tom stopped and slapped his thigh in satisfaction. "Why didn't I think of that before? I'll bet Chalmers has taken a berth in a sleeper. I feel that he will turn up all right in the morning."

This thought made Tom feel better and he returned to the car and resumed the seat he had been occupying.

"No use to blow myself for a sleeper now," he muttered. "I've passed part of the night here; I guess I can stand it the rest. I believe in going the whole hog or none, anyway."

Then he settled down in the seat and dozed off to sleep again, but it was not sound sleep by any means nor at all refreshing.

He roused up and pulled himself together when the train approached the suburbs of New York.

"I had best be on the lookout," he thought. "Chalmers might get off at Mott Haven or Harlem, and I would lose him."



So he kept a careful lookout, and just after the train left Harlem Tom was overjoyed to see Chalmers enter the car.

He made his way to the seat he had first occupied, which was unoccupied now, and seemed to be looking for something on the seat and then on the floor.

"Greatest fellow to be always losing something or thinking he is that I ever saw," thought Tom.

Whatever it was Chalmers had lost, he evidently did not find it, for presently he threw himself down in the seat and gazed frowningly out of the window.

Into the tunnel the train dashed, and through it, and when the Grand Central Depot was reached Chalmers alighted and made his way out onto Forty-second street, followed by Tom.

Chalmers crossed the street and entered the Grand Union Hotel, and, after registering, was shown to the elevator by a bell-boy.

"He must be going to stop awhile, by his taking a room," decided the youth. "Well, I'm glad he decided to put up here, as all I have to do now is to sit down and wait for Ben to come. First, however, I'll wash and have breakfast."

Then he went to the washrooms and washed and brushed his hair, after which he made his way to the dining-room and ate breakfast.

Then he returned to the lobby and seated himself to wait for Ben.

He picked up a paper and got interested in it to such an extent that he forgot the flight of time or where he was, and when some one slapped him on the shoulder, he leaped up with an exclamation of surprise. Then, seeing who it was, he exclaimed, joyfully:

"Ben!"

He was right. It was Ben Bright, frank-faced, wide awake and alert.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"Is he here?" asked Ben eagerly.

"Chalmers?"

"Yes."

Tom nodded.

"Yes, he's here."

"You followed him successfully, then. He failed to shake you."

"I don't think he suspected that he was followed at all, Ben."

"Likely not. Well, where away is he? I am extremely anxious to have an interview with the gentleman," and there was a dangerous light in the youth's eyes that augured ill for Mr. Chalmers.

"He has taken a room here."

"Good! What is the number of the room?"

"I don't know, but we can easily learn by asking the clerk."

"True. Come on. I don't wish to let him leave the hotel before I get to see him, as he might take the manuscript and sell it."

"That is true, Ben. We had better go right up and have it out with him."

The youths approached the desk.

"Is Mr. Chalmers in his room?" asked Ben.

The clerk glanced at the key-rack and nodded assent.

"We wish to go up and see him. What is the number of his room?"

The clerk hesitated.

"I will send up your card," he said. "Front!"

"Oh, that is unnecessary," said Ben quietly. "We are friends of Mr. Chalmers and will go right along with the boy. That will beat sending a card."

The clerk glanced at Ben Bright's handsome, pleasant face and said:

"Very well, sir. Front, show these gentlemen to No. 62."

The boy led the way to the elevator, and they went up to the third floor. Then, showing them to No. 62, the boy knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" came a voice which both youths recognized, and the hard glint appeared in Ben Bright's eyes.

"A couple of gents to see you, sir," replied the boy, and then he bounded away to catch the elevator down, which pleased Ben exactly, as he had feared the boy would tumble to the fact that he and Tom were anything but friends to Mr. Chalmers and report it to the clerk.

They heard a stir inside the room and then footsteps, and then the key turned in the lock and the door was opened a couple of inches.

Evidently Chalmers was going to take a look at the "gents" before admitting them, but Ben did not give him time. With a quick, strong shove he forced the door open, pushing the man aside as he did so, and, before the fellow could utter an exclamation or make a move to prevent it, the youths were inside the room, and Ben had closed and locked the door and placed the key in his pocket.

As Chalmers saw who his visitors were he started and turned pale. He quickly braced up, however, and, with an attempt at bluffing, he cried:

"Who are you and by what right do you force your way into a gentleman's private apartment?"



Tom True shoved his hands down into his pockets, and, looking coolly into Chalmers' eyes, drawled out:

"I don't see any gentleman, do you, Ben?"

Chalmers' face flushed and then grew dark with anger.

"Don't get too fresh, young fellow!" he growled.

Tom laughed carelessly and made no reply, leaving Ben to do the talking.

"Mr. Chalmers," Ben said, quietly and deliberately, "you will kindly return to me the manuscript that you robbed me of last evening in Bronxton!"

"What manuscript? What do you mean? My name is not Chalmers and I was never in Bronxton in my life!" the fellow cried with brazen effrontery. "I don't know what you are talking about, and I will thank you to return the key to my door and make yourself scarce!"

Ben looked the man straight in the eyes and laughed contemptuously.

"You are saying what is not true, Mr. Chalmers," he said coldly. "You will only lose by trying bluff tactics. They won't work. We have followed you to New York to regain possession of that manuscript, and we are going to have it before we leave this room!"

Chalmers burst into a loud laugh at this.

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars you don't!" he declared with such a tone of positiveness that Ben's heart sank and he felt instantly that the fellow had already managed to in some way dispose of the manuscript.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I say. You won't take any manuscript away from here when you go."

"Why not?"

"Because there isn't any here."

Ben looked the fellow straight in the eyes in a searching manner.

"If it isn't here, you will oblige me by telling me where it is," he said in a determined tone.

"Oh, I don't know as I will! Why should I?"

"Why? Simply for this reason, if you do not either produce that manuscript at once or agree to lead me to where it is, if not here, I shall send down for a policeman and have you arrested for robbery."

"Why didn't you do that in the first place?" Chalmers asked, a curious look in his eyes.

"For the reason that I did not wish to have you arrested if I could help it. I have heard of you, have heard my father speak of you, and, if you are the genuine Henry Chalmers, as I think you are, you have relatives here who would be shocked to hear of your having stooped to crime. I made up my mind to make you give up my manuscript and then let you go free for their sake."

Ben spoke earnestly, seriously, and his words had con-

siderable effect on Chalmers, who flushed and then turned pale.

Ben's words had considerable effect on Tom True, too, who was disgusted.

"Great Scott; that's just like Ben," he thought. "No matter what a fellow does to him, he always wants to be easy on him and give him another chance—and the fellow always improves the opportunity by doing him more harm. For instance, if he'd have had McMaster expelled a couple of weeks ago when he could have done so, he would have been saved that trip on Lake Ontario in the boat. I know it! And now he's going to let this fellow go scot free!"

"I am confident you are the genuine Henry Chalmers," continued Ben, "and I will make you this proposition: Return the manuscript to me and I will allow you to go free."

"But I can't do it," was the reply, "for, as I have said, I haven't the manuscript."

"But you know where it is, and——"

"No, I do not know where it is, either. If I did I would tell you quickly enough, to insure immunity from arrest, for, as you have surmised, Ben Bright, I am the genuine Henry Chalmers, and I will add that this is the first time in my life that ever I did anything criminal, and I don't understand now how I came to do it. I wanted that play mighty bad, as told you, for a company that is now making up in this city for a Western circuit, and I was so angry and disappointed when you refused to sell that I became beside myself and it was in obedience to a sudden impulse that I seized the manuscript as I left the room."

"Yes, but I do not understand," said Ben. "How could it be possible that you should not know the whereabouts of the play now?" and then Ben started and his face paled as he was struck by a sudden thought:

"You haven't lost it?" he cried.

Chalmers nodded.

"Now you have hit it," he said. "I lost it, and I have no more knowledge of its whereabouts at this moment than you have."

Ben stared at Chalmers for awhile with a look of dismay, not to say horror, in his face and eyes, while Tom True eyed the man distrustfully. He did not believe the story.

"That's too thin, Ben!" he said in a low tone. "I'll bet that's a fake yarn. He's got the play hid away in this very room."

Ben shook his head and motioned Tom to remain silent, while Chalmers showed his teeth in a derisive smile.

"Do you have any idea where you lost the manuscript?" Ben asked.

"I know where I thought I lost it."

"Good! Where was that?"

"In the stairway hall of the house where you board."



Ben started.

"Why—how was that?"

"You know I went down those stairs at a lively rate," Chalmers said with a smile. "Well, I thought I stuck that manuscript in the outside pocket of my coat as I came down, but when I had ridden a mile or so in that carriage I felt in my pocket and the manuscript wasn't there!"

"And you thought you lost it in the hallway?"

"I did. I made up my mind that I had missed my pocket and that the package had fallen to the floor beside the stairs."

"Ah! I see!" said Ben, a sudden look of hope appearing on his face. "Then perhaps it is there yet?"

Chalmers shook his head.

"No," he said; "I went back and looked and it was not there."

Ben started and a disappointed look appeared on his face.

"It wasn't there," he repeated.

"No, and I looked good, for I was sure I had dropped it there."

"I can bear witness to that, for I saw you looking," said Tom, who was now beginning to believe Chalmers was telling a straight story.

"You did?" The man stared at Tom. "Where were you?"

"On the piazza. I was watching you through the glass panel in the door."

"The blazes you were! How did you know I was there?"

"Easily enough. I followed you from where we met on the country road."

"Where we met on the country road?" in surprise.

"Yes. Don't you remember getting run into by a bicycle?"

Chalmers started and involuntarily laid his hand on his stomach, where the wheel had struck.

"I should say I do remember it!" he said. "Was that you?"

"Sure!"

"And you followed me back to the village?"

"I did."

"By Jove! And I never suspected that I was being followed."

"Oh, that part of it was nothing. I followed you clear to New York."

"The deuce you did!" Chalmers was genuinely astonished.

"Yes, I came all the way on the same train with you."

"Well, you'd better go into the detective business," the man said.

Meanwhile Ben had been doing some lively thinking. If Chalmers had not dropped the manuscript in the hallway, he had lost it somewhere between the house and where he got

into the carriage—either that, or he had dropped it in the carriage. On being asked whether he might not have done the latter, however, Chalmers said no, for he had felt all around in the carriage before leaving it to return to Mr. Jeffries' house. So that simmered it down to some point between the house and where Chalmers had gotten into the carriage.

"Such being the case," Ben said, decidedly, "we must take the first train out for Bronxton, Tom. I am not going to lose that manuscript if I can help it."

"I'm ready to go," said Tom.

"Very well; we will go at once," and Ben took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

"One moment, Mr. Bright," said Chalmers. "Am I to understand that no action will be taken against me in this matter?"

"No action will be taken, sir, and I hope no such unpleasant circumstance will take place again."

"I hope so, and, so far as I am concerned, the affair is ended. I made a fool of myself, and I am heartily sorry for it. I thank you for your leniency in this matter."

"Say nothing more about it," said Ben. "Good day, sir," and he and Tom True took their departure. Hurrying to the Grand Central Station, they boarded the first outgoing train and arrived at Bronxton at about five o'clock.

They went to their boarding-house at once and were greeted with delight by Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries.

"Where in the world have you boys been?" Mr. Jeffries asked; "and what kind of happenings were those that took place around here last night?"

Then Ben explained all, the two listening in wondering amazement, and, when Ben had finished his story, Mrs. Jeffries left the room for a few moments, and when she returned she held a package in her hand. Approaching Ben, she held the package out and said:

"Is that the package you lost, Mr. Bright?"

Ben recognized it instantly.

"It is!" he cried. "Thank heaven! Where did you get it, Mrs. Jeffries?"

"I found it in the hall last night. I went out just after you all ran downstairs and out of doors, and, seeing it lying there, I picked it up and laid it away, as I thought it might be something of value."

"And it is, Mrs. Jeffries! I value it very highly, I assure you. How can I ever thank you for your kindness in finding and returning it to me?"

"By saying nothing more about it, my boy. It was nothing to do."

"Well, it meant a great deal for me, and, if I don't say much about it, I shall think a whole lot."

"Say, what luck, Tom!" Ben said as they went upstairs



to their room. "I've got my play back again, safe and sound. I don't know what I should have done if I had lost it altogether."

"Dorothy and you and I would never have gone starring as the three chums in 'Three Chums,' old man."

"No, but now we shall."

## CHAPTER IX.

### MARKHAM CALLS ON BEN BRIGHT.

Ben Bright and Tom True talked till supper time, and then, after supper, they returned to their room and resumed the conversation.

Ben told of how he had kept within hearing distance of the carriage, and how he had finally, after giving Tom up, caught up with the vehicle and managed to get up behind and ride.

He told how surprised he and the driver were when the carriage door was opened at Richmond to find that the vehicle was empty, and how the driver had changed horses and driven him back to Bronxton as quickly as possible.

"I was in the room here, wondering what had become of you when a messenger boy came with the message," Ben concluded, "and, you may be sure, I lost no time in getting down to the station. I caught the train all right, and, as you know, reached New York only about two hours or so behind you."

"Well, all has ended well," said Tom, "but if Chalmers had not accidentally dropped the manuscript I feel that you would never have laid eyes on it again."

"Oh, yes I should," said Ben quietly. "I should have forced him to give it up."

"It would have been a hard task, old man, for, in my opinion, Chalmers is a bad one. Do you know, I don't take any stock in him at all? I tell you he's a scoundrel, even if he has got some respectable relatives, and, if there is any way that he could beat you out of that play, he would do it."

Ben looked reflective.

"I don't know but you are right, Tom. He has a crafty face and a shifty eye."

"He has that. By the way, Ben, have you had 'Three Chums' copyrighted?"

Ben started.

"No, I have not," he exclaimed. "Say, Tom, I'm glad you thought of that. I'll attend to it at once."

Then he wrote a letter to the Librarian at Washington, asking that "Three Chums," a play, be copyrighted, and, en-

closing a typewritten copy of the title and a dollar note for payment of the fee, he enclosed all in an envelope, sealed and addressed it, and went down to the nearest mail box and mailed it.

"There," he thought, with a sigh of satisfaction. "As soon as that is placed on record I shall be safe, and no one can steal the title of my play or use it without my permission."

"Say, Ben, what are you going to do about the affair of your being chloroformed and put in the boat and sent adrift out on Lake Ontario?" asked Tom when his chum returned. "That was a fiendish piece of business, and the fellow who did it ought to be apprehended and sent to the penitentiary for life!"

"It was a bad business, Tom, and I am going to do what I can in a quiet way to discover who did it."

"Well, I know it was McMaster!"

"You mean you think it was McMaster, Tom. We do not know it."

"I'd bet every cent I have in the world that it was McMaster who did it!" said Tom doggedly.

"I suspect him myself, but suspicions are not proofs, and we shall have to have something more tangible than mere suspicions before making any move."

"Yes, that's true. By watching him closely we may catch him tripping, however."

Just then there came a knock at the door and Ben called out:

"Come in!"

The door opened and Heber Markham entered the room. "Good evening," he said.

"Good evening, Mr. Markham," said Ben, leaping to his feet. "Have a seat. Let me lay up your hat."

Tom True nodded rather coolly, but said nothing.

When he had become seated Markham plunged at once into the matter upon which he had come.

"When I first came to this school, Ben Bright," he said, quietly, "I began associating with the McMaster crowd."

Markham paused, as if expecting Ben to say something, but as he did not, the youth went on:

"I not only associated with the McMaster crowd, but I soon found occasion to pick a quarrel with you. I got done up, but that's neither here nor there. You took me on the eleven, even though we were not friends. I had told McMaster you would do so, and he bet me ten dollars you would not, claiming that no one but your personal friends and chums could get on the team. I told him that you would take the best players on, whether they were your friends or not."

Markham paused and Ben nodded his head approvingly.

"You were right, Markham," he said. "I wanted to



make up a winning team, and to do so I had to have the best players. If McMaster himself had been a good enough player I should have asked him to play on the team, but he is not a strong player—though he thinks he is, of course—and, besides, he gets angry too easily.”

“That is what I told him, but he laughed the idea to scorn. So we bet the ten dollars on that, and he made me another bet of the same amount that Seabright would win the first game.”

Ben smiled.

“And you won both bets,” he remarked. “I judge that McMaster did not like it very well.”

“No, he is very sore. Besides those bets lost to me, he dropped about a hundred dollars on the game.”

“Good enough! Served him right,” exclaimed Tom True.

“I went up to collect my money yesterday evening,” Markham went on, “and something occurred which I thought you ought to know. At first I thought I should say nothing about it, but after thinking it over, I decided that in justice both to you and to myself, I should tell you, and I have come here to do so.”

Markham paused and Ben said very quietly:

“I shall be glad to hear what you have to tell me, Markham.”

“It is this, Ben Bright: As I have said, I went up to McMaster’s room to get money. I found him feeling very sore, and he said that he had lost a lot of money on Saturday’s game, and would like a chance to win it back, and finally, after considerable ‘hemming and hawing,’ here Markham hesitated and his face flushed and his dark eyes flashed, “the scoundrel proposed that I throw the next game of football!”

Markham ground the last part of the sentence out with a viciousness that showed how angry the remembrance of the insult that had been offered him made him.

Ben Bright showed no surprise nor did Tom True, but the latter, who had listened with eager interest, asked:

“What did you do?”

Then Markham smiled a cool smile of satisfaction as he replied:

“I choked the scoundrel till his tongue stuck out!”

“Good!” cried Tom. “Bully for you! If you keep on I shall learn to like you a bit, after all, Markham!”

The youth smiled and then to Ben he said:

“What do you think of that, Ben Bright?”

“Well,” said Ben, “I am not surprised. I think that is just about what might be expected of McMaster.”

“You are right,” assented Markham. “But now I have something to say, Ben Bright, and it is this: Although I am not, strictly speaking, a friend of yours, I am playing on

your eleven. Now, while, as I told you in the first place, even if we were the worst of enemies, I should play my very best always, in order that the academy at which I am a student should win, there are many who would be ready to think I would not and that I would not care whether your team won or not. As long as I play hard and make no errors it will be all right, but I am liable to make a misplay, and then—what? Everybody will say that I threw the game! So I have come to tell you that I think it best for me to withdraw from the team.”

Ben Bright made a gesture of dissent.

“Markham,” he said earnestly, “you must not think of such a thing. Why, old fellow, you are a tower of strength to the team, and I feel that I am speaking only the sober truth when I say that with you off the team we could not win from Seabright to save our lives. I want you to give me your promise, right now and here, old man, that you will not withdraw, that you will stay on the eleven and play in every game.”

Ben was so evidently sincere and in earnest that Markham’s face flushed with pleasure and his dark eyes glowed.

“But, supposing I make an error and lose you a game? Think of the awkward position it would place me in.”

“We all make errors occasionally, Markham. You have as much license as any of the rest of us. I make errors, all the boys make them; I shall expect you to make some. If you do not, I shall be surprised.”

Markham’s eyes shone. It was evident that he wished to play, but was afraid Ben might think he had thrown a game if he made an error.

“Well, I will promise to play on the eleven,” he said, “and I give you my word of honor that I shall play my very best every minute of time in every game, and if I make a misplay it will be because I cannot help it.”

“I am sure of that, Markham,” said Ben, “and I thank you for giving me your promise to continue on the eleven. It would ruin us if you were to withdraw.”

“Oh, I don’t think I am that valuable a man to the team,” dissented Markham. “I shall make myself worth as much as possible, though, I assure you.”

“That is all that can be asked of you, Markham.”

“Well, you may certainly count on that much from me,” said Markham, and then, bidding the youths good night, he departed.

“There, Tom, what do you think now?” he asked. “You were sure Markham would do me harm by throwing a game, and now he has given McMaster a good choking for trying to get him to do that very thing.”

Tom True looked dubious.

“I am not so sure about that,” he said. “We have only



his word for it. He may have choked McMaster and then again he mayn't."

"Begorra an' he did that same!" cried a voice thick with Irish brogue. "It's meself phwat saw Markham choke dhe felly till his tongue wur hangin' out—if it's dhe spalpane McMaster ye be sp'akin' about."

Ben and Tom looked up quickly to see the Irish youth, Patsy Dooley, standing in the doorway. Markham had not closed the door tightly and Patsy had pushed it open without having to turn the knob.

"Ah, Patsy! Sit down!" said Ben, pleasantly. "So you saw Markham choke McMaster, did you?"

"Shure an' Oi did! An' phwat's more, he slammed McMaster an' dhe other felly, Alford, down on the floor an' thin made thim get down on their stomachs, begorra, an' say over afther him: 'Oi big your pardhon!'"

"What!" cried Tom in excitement. "Did he do that?"

"Shure an' he did! Oi wur peekin' throo dhe dureway an' saw it all, an' it's loike to doied a-laughin' Oi did. Dhe spalpanes did look funny down on their stomachs, loike alligators, begorra!"

Ben and Tom laughed heartily.

"What do you think now, Tom?" asked Ben.

"I begin to think Markham is all right."

"All roight is it, yez are sayin'? Indade an' he is all roight! And it's a good fri'nd he is to ye, too, Ben, fur afther we had kim away frum where dhe fellys wur he says to me, says he: 'Do yez be afther bein' a fri'nd av Bin Broight?' an' Oi says: 'Oi am!' And he says, says he: 'Thin yez wull do will to kape an eye on that sehoundrel McMaster, for he do be afther havin' it in for Bin Broight,' an' Oi says: 'Oi'll do that same!'"

Ben Bright was greatly pleased. Here was proof positive that Markham had told the truth, and it pleased Ben to know this. But what pleased him most was the faet that the dark-eyed youth had warned Patsy that it would be a good idea for him, if he was a friend of Ben's, to keep an eye on McMaster. This was proof that Markham was friendly, and Ben hoped that sooner or later they would be friends, for, with all his faults, Markham had many good qualities.

"Begorra an' Oi do be forghittin' phwat for Oi kim here!" Patsy exclaimed suddenly, scratchin' his curly hair. "It's a letther Oi'm afther bringin' frum dhe purfissor!" and Patsy produced an envelope and handed it to Ben.

It was simply a note from Professor Raymond asking if either of the youths were ill and asking if there was anything he could have done for them.

Ben read the note aloud and then Tom True laughingly suggested that possibly the professor had feared that both of them had gone for a trip on Lake Ontario.

Ben wrote a note in reply, thanking Professor Raymond for his thoughtfulness and telling him that they would be in their aceustomed plaees on the morrow and gave the note to Patsy, who departed with it at once.

"Markham seems to be turning out all right, 'Tom," said Ben, a satisfied look on his face.

"He does, for a faet, Ben," aeknowledged Tom. "By the way, what's the football programme for the rest of this week up till Friday?"

"Let's see," replied Ben. "To-day is Tuesday. The programme for to-morrow, Wednesday, will be practee; for Thursday, more practee, and for Friday, still more practee. It shall not be said that, if we lose the game Saturday, we lost it on aceount of not having had sufficient practee."

"Do you think we'll win the game, Ben?"

"We'll win if it is possible, Tom. Sometimes luek is against a team, however, and then the game is lost when it should be won. The utmost we can do is to play our level best first, last and all the time!"

## CHAPTER X.

### AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT.

"How are you, Mr. Bright?"

"How do you do, Mr. Clinkett?"

"How are your men feeling to-day, Bright? Are they going to put up a stiff game?"

"Indeed they are, Mr. Clinkett. They are feeling fine, and we shall do our best to make it lively for you."

"That's right; I'm glad to hear it. All the same, it won't do you any good. We're going to down you to-day."

Ben Bright smiled.

"We can tell better after the game is over," he said quietly.

Clinkett, the manager and captain of the Seabright eleven, laughed.

"Yes, that's true," he aeknowledged. "However, we have come over to-day with the intention of winning, and I think we shall do so."

"I am glad you are feeling so confident," smiled Ben, "but I must say that we feel equally confident, so it's anybody's game yet."

Clinkett laughed again.

"Oh, you're gamy, Bright!" he aeknowledged.

It was Saturday afternoon.

The Seabright football team had arrived, as had also an immense crowd of Seabright people. They had seen their



team go down in defeat on their own grounds a week before, and now they were coming over to see their team get back at the Raymond eleven by beating it on its own grounds.

The game was to be played on the athletic park grounds, as the academy field was not enclosed and the grand stand did not have sufficient seating capacity.

It was now one o'clock and the people were pouring into the enclosure like bees from a hive, and the quarters were rolling into the ticket seller's till at a merry rate.

The Bronxton people were coming in full force, for the business men had closed their stores for the afternoon, thus giving their employees a chance to get out to see the game.

The conversation between Ben Bright and Sam Clinkett had taken place on the field, and, after leaving Clinkett, Ben had made his way up into the grand stand at a point where a pair of stairs led up to it, and greeted Dorothy Dare and Mamie Blair, who were in the front row of seats and right at this point.

"Oh, Ben, you're going to win, aren't you?" cried Dorothy, her eyes sparkling with eager excitement.

"Yes, we're going to win if we possibly can, little chum," Ben replied. "As I told you before, however, there is always the danger that some accident may happen that will make it impossible for a team to win. If the game goes clear through to a finish on its merits, with no accidents and without the luck being against us, I feel confident of our ability to win."

"Well, I hope you will win," said Mamie Blair in a low tone, "if for no other reason, in order that you may make those fellows sick again," and the girl nodded in the direction of McMaster and his four cronies, who were seated a few seats away.

Ben glanced toward the five youths and smiled.

"Are they betting to-day?" he asked.

"No, they seem afraid to risk it this time."

"I guess they lost all their money on the other game and haven't any to bet with to-day," said Dorothy.

"I judge that is very nearly the truth of the matter, Dorothy," smiled Ben. "Well, I must go now and get ready for the game. You girls enjoy yourselves and remember that whether we win or not, we are doing our best for the honor of Raymond Academy and Sanford Seminary."

"Oh, my! then our school is in it, too!" cried Mamie Blair.

"Yes, it is Bronxton's educational institutions against Seabright's, and you girls are playing on the eleven by proxy—one of our boys are playing for you. For instance, I'm playing for Dorothy and Tom True is playing for you, Mamie, and so on."

"Oh, dear, if that's the case, and it's all the same to you, I should prefer to have that handsome, dark-faced fellow,

Markham, play for me," laughed Mamie. "He's such a dashing, reckless player that he keeps my heart in my throat half the time."

"You had better be careful, Mamie," laughed Ben. "Markham is a pretty smooth sort of a fellow and it may be his game to try to get your heart to jump out of your mouth, in the hope that he may catch it. You had better keep your teeth tightly closed."

"Oh, dear, but it would be impossible for a girl to do that, you know, Ben," Mamie laughed. "Girls must talk, you know, and they can't do so without opening their mouths."

"True," acknowledged Ben. "Well, be as careful as you can," and then, with a smile at Dorothy, he returned to the football field, and, with the rest of the eleven, went to the dressing-room and changed his clothes.

Returning to the field, both elevens, Clinkett's men having donned their suits also, got ready for the game, it being now nearly two o'clock.

The referee, umpire and linesman were chosen and then Ben Bright and Clinkett tossed up for the choice of goal or kick-off.

Clinkett won and chose the goal which would be most favorable, for during the last half of the game the sun would be somewhat in the eyes of the Raymond eleven.

Ben's side took the ball and at the signal made the kick-off.

As in the other game, from the instant the ball was put in play, the game was fast and furious, and play after play of a character to set the spectators wild was made by both sides.

The Seabrights played like demons. As a spectator said: "They go at them Raymond fellows like every one was owing them money and had refused to pay!" which was the case, but Ben's men met the Seabrights half way, even at this fierce game, and it was as pretty a case of diamond cut diamond as one would wish to see. Ben Bright, Tom True and Heber Markham performed prodigies of play, and in the ordinary course Seabright would have found it an impossibility to score, but luck was with the visitors, and a fair catch and free kick from the forty-yard line netted them a goal, and soon afterward, through an error of Markham's, they scored a touchdown, but failed to get the ball over in the try-at-goal.

This netted them eleven points, and both times when Seabright scored the Seabright people went wild. They shrieked and yelled and whistled and wanted to know "what's the matter with Seabright!" and made so much noise that it is doubtful if a ten-pounder could have been heard if it had been fired off in their midst.

And among all the Seabright people it is doubtful if any were so well pleased as McMaster and his chums. They shrieked and clapped their hands as loudly as any, and when



the noise had subsided sufficiently so that they could understand each other they discussed the situation with huge delight.

"Oh, say, fellows, this is great!" said McMaster, taking malicious satisfaction in speaking loud enough for Dorothy Dare and Mamie Blair to hear him. "This will reduce the swelling of Ben Bright's head considerably. They can safely remove the iron band to-morrow."

"The—the coward!" said Mamie, her eyes flashing, and she gave McMaster a look that would have withered a less thick-skinned individual.

"Don't pay any attention to them, Mamie," said Dorothy, who was pale and looked almost heart-broken over the turn affairs had taken. Just then, however, her eyes brightened and a look of delight appeared on her face as she seized Mamie by the arm and cried:

"Look! look! Mamie! Ben has kicked goal! Ben has kicked goal!"

Which was the case, Ben's men having played with the same vim and energy under adversity that they had before, and, just a few moments before the first half ended, Ben had kicked a goal.

Then it was the Bronxton people's time to yell, and they made the most of the opportunity, making more noise, if that were possible, than the Seabright people had done. And, while they were still yelling and cheering, the half ended without more scoring by either side.

At this stage the game stood: Seabright, 11; Raymond, 6.

Ben hastened up into the grand stand to cheer up Dorothy and Mamie.

"Don't look so blue, girls," he said, smiling cheerily. "Luck seems to be against us, but the game isn't lost by any means. A touchdown will tie the score and a goal will win, if we keep them from scoring. The game is only half over, and lots can happen in the other half."

"True," assented Dorothy. "Well, I hope the luck will be on your side during the rest of the game, Ben."

"So do I, if luck enters into it at all. I believe we can still win on our merits, however."

"Say, Ben, I'm mad as a wet hen!" said Mamie with flashing eyes. "McMaster and his crowd yelled themselves hoarse when Seabright scored, and McMaster said loud enough for us to hear it: 'This will reduce the swelling of Ben Bright's head considerably. They can safely remove the iron band to-morrow.'"

Ben gave vent to an amused laugh, and, turning, looked with smiling contempt straight into McMaster's eyes and said, loud enough for the youth to hear: "Oh, you shouldn't pay any attention to what the poor fellow says, Mamie. He doesn't know any better and is more entitled to your pity than your anger!"

A number who were seated near and had heard all the remarks made by the different parties gave McMaster the laugh at this, and he turned all sorts of colors and looked as if he would be glad if the grand stand would break down. A diversion of almost any kind would have been welcomed by him at that time.

Ben paid no further attention to McMaster, however, and, after a few moments more of chat with the girls, he returned to the field and lined his men up.

Clinkett lined his men up opposite and there was a confident grin on the Seabright captain's face as he looked at Ben.

"We've got you beat, Bright," he said banteringly. "Do you give up?"

"Hardly!" smiled Ben. "And we must refuse to consider ourselves beaten—eh, fellows?"

"The game isn't over yet," said Tom True.

"No; wait till the game is ended. We've got a surprise up our sleeves for you fellows."

"We'll turn the tables in this half."

"Sure! We'll reverse the score."

Ben's men were game and in no way cast down or discouraged by the fact that the Seabrights were ahead. They recognized the fact that this was due largely to luck and not to superior playing.

Markham, however, looked blue and downcast. He had made an error! He was already blaming the loss of the game upon himself, if it was lost, and he was afraid it was. Ben, noticing this, and understanding the depth of the youth's nature, and how keenly he was suffering as the result of his error, went over and said a few cheering words.

"Never mind about the matter, Markham," he said. "Forget it, old man. You're all right."

"But if the game is lost, I'm responsible for it," said Markham gloomily. "And," he added, with a glance toward the grand stand, "McMaster is over there and saw it all, and I expect he thinks you are roasting me for the error now."

Instantly Ben threw his arm around Markham's shoulder, gave him a playful squeeze, and, looking up at him, smiled one of his frank, pleasing smiles, such as he favored his best friends with, and said: "There, I've shown him different, old man!"

And Markham's dark face relaxed into a pleased smile, and, pushing Ben playfully aside, he stepped to his position like a man suddenly infused with new life.

"He's white!" he said to himself over and over again. "Ben Bright is white! There are not many like him!"

"Great Scott! did you see Bright?" cried McMaster in a tone of disgust. "He actually hugged Markham, after he made that rank error, too!"



"Oh, there's no telling what Ben Bright will do," said Alford.

"Shure an' Bin Broight always does dhe roight thing at dhe roight toime!" cried Patsy Dooley, who had a seat near the quintette. "Bin Broight is all roight! Three cheers fur Bin Broight! Hurroo! hurroo! hurroo!"

Two thousand voices instantly joined in with the Irish youth's and the cheers were something good to hear. Evidently Ben Bright was all right in the estimation of the Bronxton people.

"There's that crazy Irishman again!" growled McMaster in disgust.

"I understand he's a sort of protege of Ben Bright's," said Alford.

"Yes, they say Ben picked him up when he made that trip on Lake Ontario," said Wilson.

Just then the signal was given for the second half of the game to begin, and all stopped talking and turned their attention to the "gridiron."

It was a hot game from the start, and the way those players scurried around and tackled each other and raced and struggled and manoeuvred in their attempts to score was well calculated to please and delight the spectators and arouse them to the highest pitch of excitement.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, however, and neither side had been able to score. Twenty-five, thirty minutes had passed and still neither side had scored, and then the linesman announced that but five minutes remained.

At this the men of both elevens gritted their teeth and went at it harder than ever, if that were possible. Ben Bright compressed his lips and gave a series of signals. He was determined to make a desperate effort to tie the score, which would make a drawn game. The men did their work well, and, by a series of fierce charges and rapid manoeuvres, they got possession of the ball and passed it to Ben.

Time was short, but Ben Bright had secured the ball, and, sprinting like the wind, had gone around the end of the Seabrights' rush line like a cyclone. The spectators rose in a body. "He will make a touchdown and tie the score!" they cried, and Ben would undoubtedly have done so, but at this instant he stepped in a soft spot where a hole had been filled up with loose dirt, and, slipping, fell headlong. Before he could rise the opposing rushers were upon him!

With an inarticulate cry Dorothy leaped to her feet and down the stairs leading from the grand stand and ran across to the field, but was stopped by the linesman, who gently restrained the frightened girl.

"Ben! He is hurt!" she fluttered. "Let me go to him! Oh, Mr. please—"

"He is not hurt, miss," the linesman said gently. "See,

he is up now and is all right. You had better return to your seat."

And Dorothy did so, blushing rosily, for she knew she was the cynosure of four thousand pairs of eyes. So wonderfully beautiful was the face of the gentle mannered girl, however, that there was not the least danger of adverse comment, save from a few vinegary-faced spinsters. In fact, expressions of surprise at and complimentary of the girl's beauty went up on every side, and when one enthusiastic youth, with a downy mustache upon his lip, said he would cheerfully fall off the grand stand and break both arms and his collar bone if Dorothy would run like that to see if he were killed, he expressed the sentiment of the male portion of the audience to a man.

By this time the ball had been declared dead by the referee, and, just as they were getting ready to put it in play again, the thirty-five minutes expired. The last half and the game was ended, and, on account of "Ben Bright's unlucky accident," it was lost by the Raymond eleven by the score of 11 to 6.

Ben Bright hastened to change his clothes and join the girls on the grand stand, as he intended escorting them to the seminary.

If ever there were two blue-appearing girls they were Dorothy Dare and Mamie Blair. They looked sadly downcast and unshed tears gleamed in Dorothy's beautiful eyes.

"Oh, Ben, I'm so sorry!" she murmured as they left the grand stand and started in the direction of the seminary. "It was too bad, too bad! How did you come to fall, Ben?"

"I stepped in a hole that some one had made and filled up with loose dirt," explained Ben soberly. "It was a dastardly trick, whoever did it, and it lost us the game, for I am confident I should have scored a touchdown, which would have tied the score, and then we would have had a try-at-goal, and, if successful in that, we would have won."

"Who in the world could have done it, Ben?" asked Mamie. "And why did they dig the hole?"

Ben shook his head.

"It looks like the work of some crank," he averred. "Whoever did it, could not have expected any particular individual would step in the hole, as it was as liable to be one man as another. It must have been done just out of curiosity to see what would happen."

"Well, it is strange no one stepped in it before," said Dorothy. "I should have thought some one would have done so long before, there was so much scurrying around."

"It was something that would never occur again," assented Ben. "But, cheer up, girls: don't look so downcast. Even though the game is lost, we are even with Seabright. We have won a game and they have won one. We're even."



"They're not ahead, and they won't be ahead. We'll beat them next Saturday at Seabright."

"Oh, I hope so, Ben!" breathed Dorothy. "I do want your team to win the championship, Ben!"

"Well, rest easy on that score, little chum!" smiled Ben. "I have every confidence that we shall win it. We have the best team and would have won to-day but for an unlucky accident."

"Oh, I am sure of it," declared Mamie. "I may not be the best judge in the world, but it looked to me as if your team played better than the Seabright team did."

"I think you are right," assented Ben, "though those fellows did play a stiff game to-day. I'll give them credit for it."

"They don't play together so well as your men do, Ben," said Dorothy. "I noticed some of them speaking angrily to each other, too, when things did not go to suit them."

"Yes," smiled Ben. "They were each trying to lay the blame on the other's shoulder, no doubt. That is human nature, but it is not well to have too much of it on the football field, as the men will not play together to such good purpose after exchanging angry words. I never allow it on my team."

"Oh, your men seem to be such nice, good-natured fellows!" said Mamie.

"Yes, and they are born football players, too, every one of them. That's the reason I am so confident we shall win the championship."

THE END.

The next number (5) of "Three Chums" will contain "THREE CHUMS AROUSED; OR, SQUARING ACCOUNTS WITH SEABRIGHT."

# The ONLY Weekly Story Paper!

## "HAPPY DAYS."

### WHY?

Because, It Gives the Best Stories.

Because, It Gives the Best Illustrations.

Because, It Gives Away Pianos.

Because, It Gives Away Bicycles.

Because, It Sells a Good Watch for 75 Cents.

Because, It Does More for Its Readers Than Any Other Story Paper.

"HAPPY DAYS" is a large 16-page paper, printed in clear, bold type, and contains all kinds of good stories interesting to old and young, male and female.

"HAPPY DAYS" is for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price in money or postage stamps—65 cents for 3 months, \$1.25 for 6 months or \$2.50 for one year. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER,  
24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY FREE



# SNAPS

A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 4.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## SHORTY; or KICKED INTO GOOD LUCK BY PETER PAD.



"Go shoot yourself!" replied the boy, at the same time placing his thumb to his nose, and wiggling his



# SNAPS

A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 5.

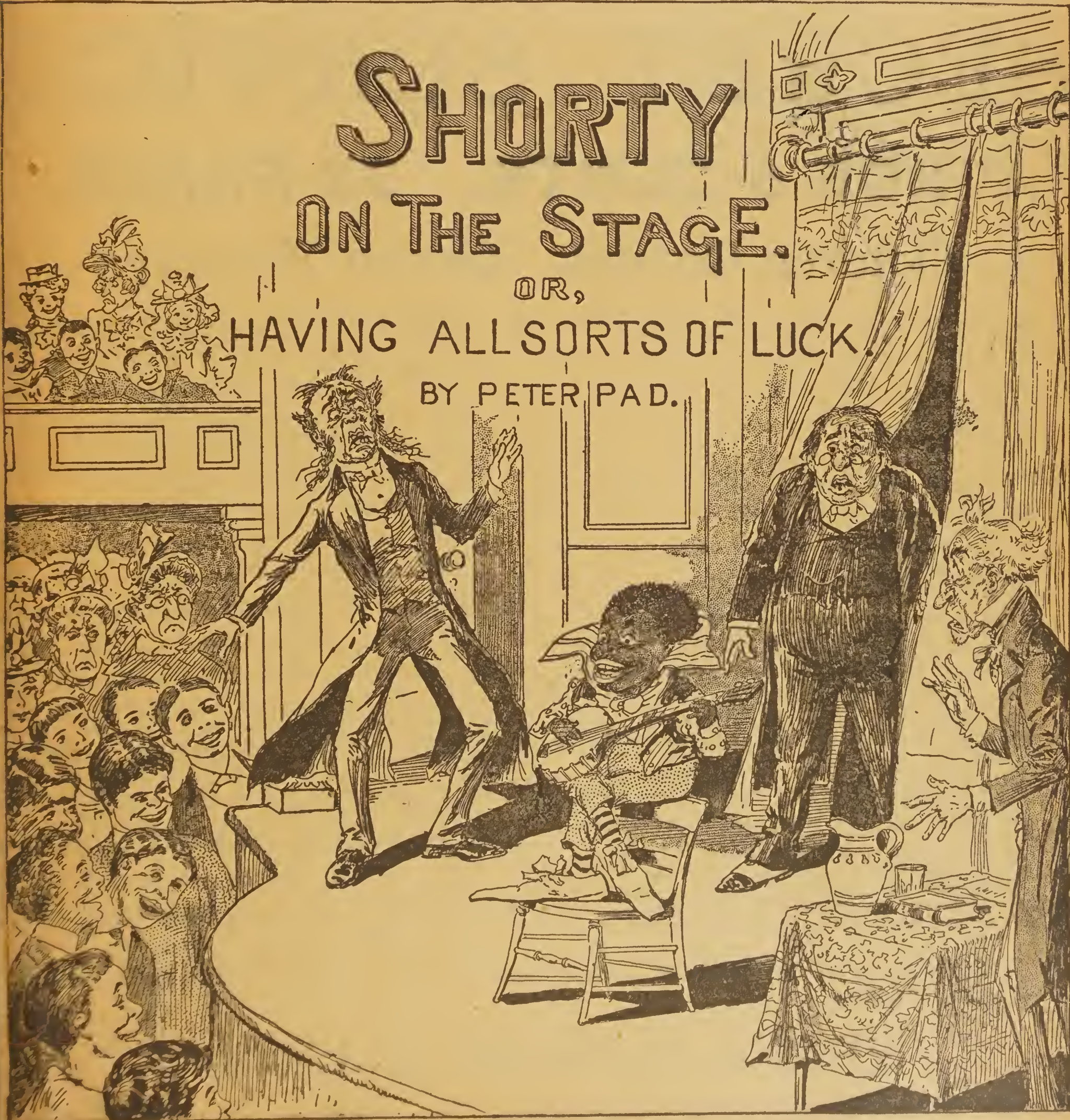
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## SHORTY ON THE STAGE.

OR,  
HAVING ALL SORTS OF LUCK.

BY PETER PAD.



But when Shorty came on, the cheers were almost deafening. Perching himself upon a chair with his little banjo, but a rattling good one, he began: "Hello, white folks! How you was dis ebenin'?"

Thought as how I would jus' come ober heah, an' gub yer a twist on my barnjo."



# SECRET SERVICE.

## OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Who has not heard of "Old King Brady," the celebrated detective, who has unraveled more mysteries than any sleuth ever heard of. In the series of stories to be published in SECRET SERVICE, he will be assisted by a young man known as "Young King Brady," whose only aim in life is to excel "Old King Brady" in working up dangerous cases and running the criminals to earth. How well he does so will be fully explained in the following stories published in

# SECRET SERVICE.

**PRICE 5 CENTS. 32 PAGES.**

**Colored Covers. Issued Weekly.**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 The Black Band; or, The Two King Bradys Against a Hard Gang. An Interesting Detective Story. | 23 The Opium King; or, The Brady's Great Chinatown Case.                      |
| 2 Told by the Ticker; or, The Two King Bradys on a Wall Street Case.                           | 24 The Bradys in Wall Street; or, A Plot to Steal a Million.                  |
| 3 The Bradys After a Million; or, Their Chase to Save an Heiress.                              | 25 The Girl From Boston; or, Old and Young King Brady on a Peculiar Case.     |
| 4 The Bradys' Great Bluff; or, A Bunco Game that Failed to Work.                               | 26 The Bradys and the Shoplifters; or, Hard Work on a Dry Goods Case.         |
| 5 In and Out; or, The Two King Bradys on a Lively Chase.                                       | 27 Zig Zag the Clown; or, The Bradys' Great Circus Trail.                     |
| 6 The Bradys' Hard Fight; or, After the Pullman Car Crooks.                                    | 28 The Bradys Out West; or, Winning a Hard Case.                              |
| 7 Case Number Ten; or, The Bradys and the Private Asylum Fraud.                                | 29 After the Kidnappers; or, The Bradys on a False Clue.                      |
| 8 The Bradys' Silent Search; or, Tracking the Deaf and Dumb Gang.                              | 30 Old and Young King Bradys' Battle; or, Bound to Win Their Case.            |
| 9 The Maniac Doctor; or, Old and Young King Brady in Peril.                                    | 31 The Bradys' Race Track Job; or, Crooked Work Among Jockeys.                |
| 10 Held at Bay; or, The Bradys on a Baffling Case.   | 32 Found in the Bay; or, The Bradys on a Great Murder Mystery.                |
| 11 Miss Mystery, the Girl from Chicago; or, Old and Young King Brady on a Dark Trail.          | 33 The Bradys in Chicago; or, Solving the Mystery of the Lake Front.          |
| 12 The Bradys' Deep Game; or, Chasing the Society Crooks.                                      | 34 The Bradys' Great Mistake; or, Shadowing the Wrong Man.                    |
| 13 Hop Lee, the Chinese Slave Dealer; or, Old and Young King Brady and the Opium Fiends.       | 35 The Bradys and the Mail Mystery; or, Working for the Government.           |
| 14 The Bradys in the Dark; or, The Hardest Case of All.  | 36 The Bradys Down South; or, The Great Plantation Mystery.                   |
| 15 The Queen of Diamonds; or, The Two King Bradys' Treasure Case.                              | 37 The House in the Swamp; or, the Bradys' Keenest Work.                      |
| 16 The Bradys on Top; or, The Great River Mystery.   | 38 The Knock-out-Drops Gang; or, the Bradys' Risky Venture.                   |
| 17 The Missing Engineer; or, Old and Young King Brady and The Lightning Express.               | 39 The Bradys' Close Shave; or, Into the Jaws of Death.                       |
| 18 The Bradys' Fight For a Life; or, A Mystery Hard to Solve.                                  | 40 The Bradys' Star Case; or, Working for Love and Glory.                     |
| 19 The Bradys' Best Case; or, Tracking the River Pirates.                                      | 41 The Bradys in Frisco; or, A Three Thousand Mile Hunt.                      |
| 20 The Foot in the Frog; or, Old and Young King Brady and the Mystery of the Owl Train.        | 42 The Bradys and the Express Thieves; or, Tracing the Package Marked "Paid." |
| 21 The Bradys' Hard Luck; or, Working Against Odds.  | 43 The Bradys' Hot Chase; or, After the Horse Stealers.                       |
| 22 The Bradys Baffled; or, In Search of the Green Goods Men.                                   | 44 The Bradys' Great Wager; or, The Queen of Little Monte Carlo.              |
|  | 45 The Bradys Double Net; or, Catching the Keenest of Criminals.              |
|  | 46 The Man in the Steel Mask; or, The Bradys' Work for a Great Fortune.       |

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents. Address

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**  
**24 Union Square, New York.**



## THE STAGE.

No. 11. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 12. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 15. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 16. MULDOON'S JOKES.—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 19. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 23. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing four-gram illustrations giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and declaimer. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained in this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to every one, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE.—The title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball room and at parties, how to dress, and functions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, make, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, etc. Also parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOVE.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, etc. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrison Keene.

No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 15. HOW TO BECOME RICH.—This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret.

No. 19. FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Alney.

No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of study, examinations, duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, Author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, descriptions of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY Publisher, 24 Union Square New York



# **“THREE CHUMS”**

**A WEEKLY STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF  
TWO BOYS AND A GIRL.**

**Read about Ben Bright!**

**Read about Tom True!**

**Read about Dorothy Dare!**

Send us a letter or postal card giving us your opinion, and we will answer you in

## **THREE CHUMS.**

**32 Pages. Large Type. Colored Covers. Price 5 cents.**

**YOU WILL FIND IT AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S.**

As the title of the publication indicates, these stories are written about two boys and a girl who are by force of circumstances thrown together and agree that they will be **“THREE CHUMS”** through thick and thin, and will stand by their motto, **“ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL,”** at all times and places. Mr. Harry Moore, the author, is a new contributor, and we can safely guarantee that his stories will be the most interesting and up-to-date of any published.

No. 1. Three Chums at School ; or, All For One And One For All.

No. 2. Three Chums' Return ; or, Back At School.

No. 3. Three Chums at Football ; or, Hot Times on the “Gridiron.”

No. 4. Three Chums Defeated ; or, Ben Bright's Unlucky Accident.

For sale by all newsdealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 UNION SQUARE,**

**NEW YORK.**